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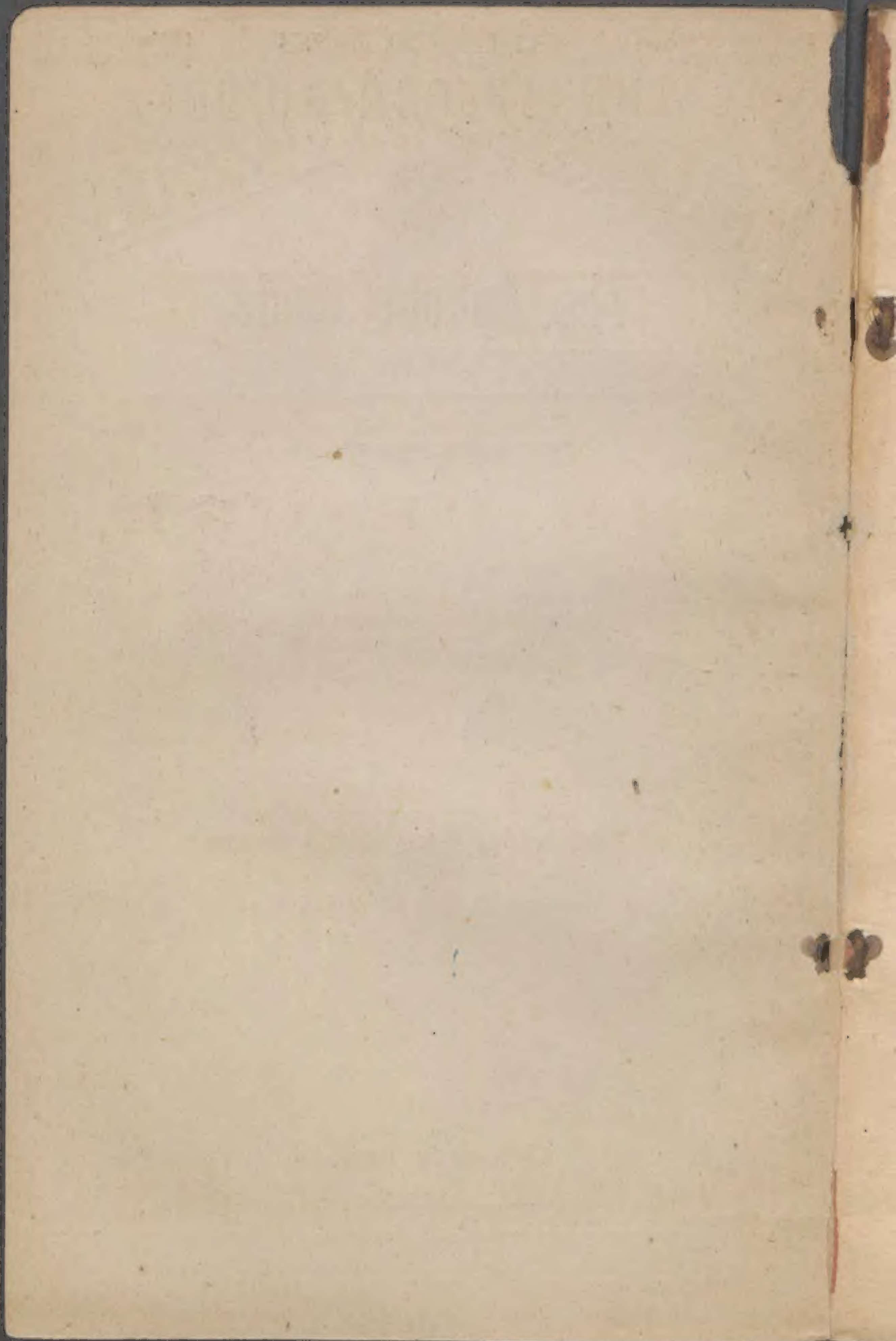
BEADLE'S

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POCKET NOVELS

The Apache Guide.





THE APACHE GUIDE;

OR,

THE RESCUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SETH JONES."

NEW YORK:

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM STREET.

THE APACHE GUIDE

NO

THE RESCUE

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUTH JONES"

NEW YORK

HEADLEE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS

27 WALL STREET

THE APACHE GUIDE; OR, THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER I.

IN SAN FRANCISCO—MR. KENDALL—MY RESOLVE—MY COMPANION AND HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.

After meeting Preston Kendall in the wilds of Nebraska, and journeying with him to the far off Saskatchewan, in search of his long-lost sister, after she had been freed from a wearisome captivity—after braving the perils of mountain and prairie—perils from man and beast—after crossing the grandest and most dangerous chain on the North American continent—when, in fact, we had entered the confines of a State, and were within a few miles of our destination—when on the very threshold of safety, it was my fate to see Kendall and his sister carried off captives by a wandering band of Indians; and that, too, through a gross neglect of duty upon my part.

Painful and gloomy enough were my reflections as I stood, on that autumn morning, at the base of the Sierra Nevada, and saw far out upon the prairie—so small that they were mere moving specks in the distance—a band of Indians journeying to the Southeast, with Kendall and his sister, their unwilling companions. Ah! how bitter was my remorse when I remembered that a few miles behind me a fond mother and father were awaiting the return of their children, and that those very children were moving further and further away from them every moment! How I repented and despised myself when I could but feel that I was the cause of it all—that but for my impatience and carelessness, this never would have occurred. Sad and wretched enough did I feel at these thoughts.

But such reflections could accomplish no good; I might stand there, and repent and bewail until the day of my death, and no one be the better for it. There was a manifest duty before me. As my neglect and remissness had caused all this misery, so my exertions and determination should remedy it, so far as it could be done by human means.

I was still free, and at liberty to do what I choose. I could follow these Indians, hover around their camp-fires, and, at the golden moment, assist Kendall and Enola in their escape. As I stood on that morning, engaged in this reverie, I raised my hand to Heaven, and calling on God to witness the vow, I pledged my life to the remedying of what I done.

I felt more cheerful and hopeful when I had uttered this, for I firmly believed at that moment that I should be the instrument used in restoring my friends to their freedom. This resolve was the first step, and now came the second—the manner in which I should carry it out.

The first fact that forced itself upon my mind was that, at present, it was impossible to carry out my resolution, for the reason that every one of the Indians, and the captives also, were well mounted, while I neither had a horse nor the means of obtaining one—to follow them on foot would be sheer folly, as I never could overtake them until they made a permanent halt. It was an important step for me to take, and I resolved that everything should be done with deliberation.

Sober second thought convinced me that it would be an equally absurd piece of business for me alone to follow the Indians. My single arm could accomplish little or nothing except perhaps to get me in the same predicament with my friends. The result of these deliberations was the decision to go on to San Francisco, search out the parents of Kendall, lay the case before them, and ask their advice.

I lost no time in carrying this resolution into effect. Ten minutes after it was made, I was toiling through the Sierra Nevada, as cheerfully and hopefully as though there could be no doubts at all of the success of my expedition.

At night, weary and half chilled to death, shivering over a smoky fire, partly sheltered by a bleak rock, with the keen wind souging through the branches overhead, a more hopeless and dispirited mortal than myself could not be imagined. My whole mind was devoted to the one thought of keeping from freezing to death. I gathered piles of brush and sticks until my fingers were as numb as the sticks themselves, and then I blistered them over the fire. Then I went dancing out in the darkness, nervously jerking up the fragments of branches, and hurrying back to my fire again, as my imagination pictured some dreadful monster about to spring upon me; and then, fearful that my fuel would give out before morning, I hurried off again every few minutes, to gather more.

Now and then, borne faintly on the night wind, came the long, indescribable howl of the mountain wolf. Then, as the scream of some other beast came reverberating up through those gorges and defiles, I involuntarily shrank closer to the fire, and gazed furtively out in the darkness, expecting every moment to encounter his glowing eyeballs. The night wore slowly away, and the morning, crisp and frosty, found me hurrying on through the mountains.

Crossing the Sierra Nevada, even by means of its passes, is no child's play; and, alone and unaided, I never could have accomplished it. On the second day, I came upon a party of a dozen miners on their return to Marysville. They had been out "prospecting" among the mountain streams of this region, and finding nothing to reward their search, were going to meet by appointment another party at the place named, they being out on a hunt for new "diggings." They were a rough, hardy set, full of jest and good nature; and the few days I remained with them were pleasantly spent, indeed, considering the circumstances which surrounded us. They understood all the passes of the mountains, and experienced no difficulty worth mentioning in crossing them. As we reached the more elevated regions, the atmosphere proved to be intensely cold, and several of the party suffered consider-

ably. But in due time we descended the western slope, and striking Feather River, followed it down toward Sacramento City. On the way thither I made inquiries of the miners regarding the band of Indians who had carried off my friends, but they had seen and knew nothing of them. But at Marysville, where the Feather and Yuba rivers unite, I gained some information. Among the motley population composing this town, I came upon a hunter who, at the moment I saw him, was denouncing the "Indian thieves" in the mountains, and endeavoring to raise a party to attack them. They had robbed him of horse, gun, and everything, except the clothes upon his back. He had just reached the place, and was resolved to have revenge upon the robbers, if it had to be gained alone and unaided by any one else. When he became more quieted I conversed with him, and from what he said, was convinced the same hand which had treated him so ill, was the identical one that had carried off Kendall and his sister. When I mentioned this to him he declared that such was the fact; but on questioning him further, I saw that he was prompted to say so from his hatred of them. My intention at first was to ask him to accompany me, but it was evident that, although a skilful hunter and fighter, he would be the very worst companion I could have. Prompted solely as he was by the one passion of revenge, he would be imprudent, headstrong, and reckless, and would defeat everything to accomplish his ends. Leaving him, therefore, I descended the river to Sacramento City. Here I took the steamer to San Francisco, where I arrived at night.

The city of the Golden Gate, as my readers know, is of very recent growth, and at the time I entered it, fifteen years ago, it was perhaps one of the most remarkable on the continent. Its population was drawn from every quarter of the globe, and included every grade of character, from the highest to the very lowest. The dignified judge, the squalid mendicant, the jolly sailor, the shaggy, unshorn miner, the flashy gambler, the bleary-eyed drunkard, the scowling Mexican, the swarthy Spaniard, the

almond-eyed Chinaman, the ponderous Briton, the shrewd Yankee; all these, and hundreds of others, were to be met, and formed a population as dangerous as it was varied, and among such a population as this was I to make search for the parents of Kendall.

My first proceeding was to examine the books of the principal hotel. Turning back several months, almost the first names that I encountered were those of Gustavus Kendall and wife, from New Orleans. There could be no doubt but what these were they for whom I was searching. Further inquiry revealed that they had remained a few days only at the hotel, when they had taken up their residence on the outskirts of the city, precisely where, I could only learn by searching further. The forenoon was spent without learning anything more; but a few hours after, accident gave me the very information I was seeking.

I was walking by a row of buildings, of a neat exterior, on the outer edge of the town, one of which I decided must contain Mr. Kendall, and was endeavoring to determine which particular one, when a door opened, and a gentleman issued forth. One look at him satisfied me that it was the very man for whom I was searching. He was about sixty years of age, dressed in black, with his hair plentifully streaked with silver, wore golden spectacles, and carried about him the air of a gentleman of the old school. These were the peculiarities which first attracted my attention. Before I could notice anything more he came out on the street before me.

"Pardon me," said I, "but can you inform me where a certain Mr. Kendall lives, who came from New Orleans some months since?"

He paused abruptly as I pronounced his name, and then, with the true air of a gentleman, replied—

"My name is Kendall, and I am recently from that city."

"The gentleman to whom I refer, had a son named Preston, who has spent a number of years in the West, searching for a sister lost a long time ago."

The old gentleman scanned me narrowly, as I spoke thus, and said, with considerable agitation—

“I am the man you seek. Please come inside.”

I accepted his invitation, and a few minutes later was seated alone with him. I saw nothing of his wife, and had some apprehensions that she might have died since the departure of her son; but a casual remark from Mr. Kendall revealed that she was in the house at that moment. After we seated ourselves, I felt some embarrassment for a time, and was undecided what to say. I concluded, at length, to make a clean breast of it, and I did so, commencing at my very first interview with Kendall, and giving every particular in regard to him and Enola, up to their re-capture and disappearance. At this portion my heart bled to see the tears stream down the cheeks of the old gentleman.

“It is very hard,” said he, in a broken voice, “to lose both my children when they had escaped so many dangers and were so nigh home. But I do not despair. What means I possess shall be used for their benefit, and I shall never give over my efforts in their behalf, until they are restored to my arms. You return to your home, I suppose?”

I hastened to reply. “Mr. Kendall, you misunderstand me. I take upon myself the blame of this last great misfortune, and I have made the determination that, so far as God gives me assistance, I shall undo the mischief I have done. This is my principal errand to you.”

His looks showed me that he now misunderstood me at any rate.

“I will be frank with you,” said I; “alone and unaided I cannot do much. I need in the first place, a good horse; and in the second place, one companion at least to assist me. If you are willing to loan me enough——”

“Loan you money!” he exclaimed, springing to his feet; “my heavens! ask anything that you will. If you say the word, I will equip fifty of the best hunters in San Francisco and send them on the hunt. I will arm them all, and furnish them with horses, and give them any

amount you may name, to recapture my children. Say what you will, I will do it."

He was rapidly pacing the floor, so agitated that he could scarcely restrain himself. The remark that he had made, set me upon a new train of thought. Why not organize a force of twenty or thirty men, and pursue the Indians? Why not retake Kendall and Enola by physical force instead of stratagem? The idea was new to me, and I was favorable to it. But a few minutes deliberation satisfied me that there was little to hope from such an expedition. The men, selected at random, might embrace some desperate characters, from whom Enola would have more cause for fear than from the Indians themselves. They could have no competent leader, and would be governed solely by their own whims. I resolved to adhere to my original plan.

"I want but one companion," said I; "let me have him, and what else we shall need, and to-morrow he and I shall be on the trail."

"I leave the matter to you," said Mr. Kendall, seating himself. "I will only be too glad to furnish you the means and—the man too," he added quickly. "Have you selected your companion?"

I replied that I had not.

"I will save you that trouble then," said he, with a momentary cheerfulness. "The man, who accompanied me as my servant is the very one to satisfy you. I will call him."

He rang the bell, and a few minutes later a man, just as different from the one I had pictured as it is possible for a human being to be, entered the room. In the first place, he was an Irishman, one whom I was sure had never seen a prairie or a wild Indian in his life. He was a brawny, muscular fellow, with a bushy head of red hair, and an odd, quizzical expression of countenance that told at once his humor and good nature.

"Well, Pat," said Mr. Kendall, as the Irishman pushed his head and shoulders through the door, "come in for a moment, for I have something to say to you. How would

you like to take a hunt upon the prairies—a good long hunt that would last several months!”

“And would yer honor be wid me?” he asked, throwing his head one side, and rolling his fine blue eyes, with an affectionate expression.

“I cannot say that I could, but this gentlemen here would accompany you.”

Pat now turned to me as he said:

“An’ a fine-looking gintlemen is the same. Bedad, and could we hunt the bufflys, the b’ars, the daars and the wild hosses!”

“Perhaps so,” replied Mr. Kendall, “but there would be the Indians, also.”

Pat’s eyes suddenly became circular in shape, and a sort of half whistle escaped him at this unexpected announcement. But the old expression came back.

“We’d fix the spalpeens, too, by the jabers. I’m riddy, sir.”

“To speak plain, then,” pursued Mr. Kendall, “the expedition upon which I wish you to go, is neither to hunt Indians nor animals, but to hunt my own children. Both are captives in the hands of the Indians, and this gentleman has kindly volunteered to search for them. He wishes you as a companion.”

“Is it to hunt out the little gal that the Ingins have had so long?”

“Yes, my son also, for he is with her.”

“Wurrah, wurrah, bad luck to them, but they have both, eh?”

“They have; but you have not told me whether you are willing to make the venture.”

“Willin’ to make the ventur?” repeated Pat, in a reproachful tone. “Am I riddy fur a fight, why didn’t you ax me begging your honor’s pardon. Am I riddy. Whoop! hurrah!”

And regardless of time and place, he sprang a foot from the floor, and struck his fist in mid-air.

“He is the man for you,” said Mr. Kendall in a low tone. “A braver and more faithful fellow could not be

found in a year's hunt. He knows my son is attached to him, and I will stick by you both as long as he lives."

Had I felt a perfect liberty to express my wishes, I hardly need inform the reader that Pat Ryan was the last man I would have taken as my companion upon this journey. Good hearted, faithful and true he might be, but these qualities alone would avail little against Indian treachery and cunning. He was a perfect novice on the prairie, and it was more than probable that his company would be a drawback instead of an assistance. But Mr. Kenall's word showed that he had set his mind upon having him as my companion, and in the face of his extravagant recommendations, I had not the assurance to object to him. The most I did was to ask whether he knew anything of wilderness life. Kenall replied that he did not, *but would soon learn*, a remark that I felt contained more truth than he suspected.

There was one strong recommendation for this Irishman, which made me wish for his company, and without which I would never have consented to his going with me. I refer to his inveterate good nature. My associations and experience, during the last six months, had been such that I had hardly enjoyed a hearty laugh for weeks at a time. There was but little humor in Kenall's composition, and I was always fearful of indulging any of my propensities in that line, lest I might offend him. And should I now take a morose companion, the hunt would be gloomy and dispiriting enough to make me miserable so long as it continued. With Pat's lively conversation around the campfire, his laughable mishaps and adventures, and his stories, the time could but pass pleasantly. I decided to take him.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Kenall, with a serious air, "that the time is very unpropitious. The cold, rainy season is close at hand, and much as I desire the search to commence at once, I am not selfish enough to urge you to face dangers that can as well be avoided. Remain with me until the spring opens, and then you and Pat can go with the elements in your favor."

"I have reflected upon what you have said," I replied, "and have come to this conclusion. Time above everything else, is now doubly dear to me. I cannot afford to remain here until spring, and the winter is too close at hand for me to hope to finish the journey before it sets in. I learned enough in Sacramento city to satisfy me that the Indians who hold your children are a band from New Mexico, that have rambled as far as the upper part of Utah, from their homes. I am so well convinced of this, that I shall proceed in a direct line to Taos or Sante Fe, which we can reach before the winter sets in. There we can remain until the weather is favorable, when we shall have no range of mountains, I trust, to cross, in order to reach them."

"Your plan seems a good one, and I like it. You speak of the Indians being from New Mexico. Have you any idea to what tribe they belong?"

"Of course I have no means of judging, but I have a suspicion they are from New Mexico."

"What plan do you propose to use for their recovery?"

"Ultimately, I believe, they will fall into the hands of the Apaches, who sometimes allow their prisoners to be ransomed. They are a powerful and dangerous tribe, and if such measures will prevail, it will be far safer to use them, than to attempt to rescue them by stratagem or force."

"This, of course, will be decided by you after reaching one of the towns of which you speak. You will there find mountaineers and hunters who will advise you how to act. Whatever sum you think you will need, please name, and it shall be placed in your hands before starting."

"I shall do so. I expect to start immediately."

"Not to-day?"

"No;" I laughed, "but to-morrow. To-day shall be spent in making ready. Pat, there, I suppose will need that time for preparation."

Mr. Kendall proposed that we should make the necessary purchases at once. Accordingly we went out in the

streets again, Pat being with us, as joyous and expectant as a schoolboy with an extra holiday. The first proceeding was to purchase a magnificently mounted rifle, and a couple of revolvers for the latter. I needed nothing of this sort, and had already provided enough powder and balls for us both. Mr. Kendall, then, of his own accord, bought two huge, powerful horses, of a coal black color. They were long-limbed, swift, fiery-tempered, and furnished with beautiful Mexican saddles, so that in the city of San Francisco there was not a person better mounted than we were. They were purchased of two hunters who had just returned from the mines, and intended to embark for the States in the next steamer. Pat, mounted on his black charger, disappointed me agreeably enough by proving a capital rider, and we attracted considerable attention by riding through several of the streets. Many a man who gazed so admiringly upon our animals would not have hesitated to shoot the riders had he dared, to obtain them.

I declined Mr. Kendall's invitation to spend the night with him, and remained at the hotel until morning. That evening I spent in writing to my friends at home, speaking cheerfully of my prospects in the future, and predicting a speedy return to them. I waited until a late hour the next morning before calling upon my patron, as I wished to give him and his servant abundant time to make their arrangements. When I made my appearance upon my prancing charger, Pat's animal was saddled and waiting at the gate. As I entered, Mr. Kendall drew me one side.

"Here is an amount, several hundred dollars above what you named," said he, handing me a small package, which I knew by its weight contained gold. "Take it and use it as you deem best, and may God be with you. I have acquainted my wife with what you told me, and our constant prayers shall go with you."

"You may expect my return in the early part of next summer, I trust. At any rate, rest satisfied that you will

never see my face again until I bring you tidings of your children."

A silent but heartfelt pressure of the hand was the only reply Mr. Kendall could make. A few more words passed between us, when I remounted my horse, and waving him another adieu, I rode away, Pat Ryan cantering at my side, silent and thoughtful. A stolen glance at the fellow revealed a tear or two trickling down his cheek, and told me the cause of his silence. The fellow was human and had his feelings like the rest of his kind.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE COAST RANGE—A STRANGE ANIMAL.

Instead of taking the steamer at San Francisco and going up the bay and river to Sacramento City, we took an entirely new route, first proceeding due south toward San Jose, until we had "doubled" the lower portion of the bay, when we struck off in a southeast direction toward the San Joaquin River.

My intention was to cross this stream at a point about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, and go through a pass in the Sierra Nevada to which I had been directed. We followed the regular route from San Francisco to Santa Clara, and then proceeding eastward reached the road connecting San Jose with Santa Cruz on the coast.

This road makes a sweeping curve to the eastward, at which place we left it, and made for the Coast Range Mountains, whose snowy peaks we had long discerned towering high in the sky.

Among other things, I had furnished myself with a good compass and telescope, and felt confident that I should be able to strike the proper passes both in this range and in the Sierra Nevada. Slowly and carefully we commenced the ascent of the first plateau of the coast range, for the season was too far advanced to make a mistake in entering

this formidable chain. Much as I desired to go forward, and precious as was every day to me, I determined if I failed to discover the pass, to turn back and wait until spring before making the attempt. I had not forgotten Fremont's terrible Fourth Expedition, and the sufferings of his party in the mountains, and with such a companion as Pat, I felt little disposition to brave the perils they had encountered.

I shall never forget the anxiety with which I rode to the top of the first hill, and adjusted my telescope. I knew that if I had followed the directions given me before starting, the pass would be visible. These directions were very minute, and with the assistance of the compass, I was pretty confident they had been faithfully observed. I had made my observations three or four times every day, and the last one proved that I had committed no mistake. I first turned my glass to the northward. Far away, mile after mile, like so many piles of spotless clouds, the snowy peaks stretched, until lost in the distance. And then, as I slowly turned the glass to the southward, the same scenes passed like a panorama before me. Back again, slower than before, swept the glass, and when pointing nearly due east, it came to a rest. Glad sight! directly before us was the wished-for pass. I knew it in an instant from the description. It was a narrow, valley-like depression, free as yet from snow, and offering a safe road through this otherwise impassable region.

"Yonder is our route!" I exclaimed in a joyous tone to Pat.

"Where?" he asked, looking all around and behind him.

"Right before you. Here take the glass and look."

As I handed him the instrument, I managed to turn it so that he would look through the wrong lens. Holding one eye shut with his left hand, he stooped down as though about to shoot, and took a careful squint through the large end. Holding his breath a moment, he bobbed his head up and glanced over the top of the glass as though something were wrong.

"Be jabbers, but that same thing is qua'r now!" he muttered, as he settled himself again to take a more careful look than before.

He now held his breath until he grow black in the face while the eye which was open seemed to protrude, and grow larger every moment. Suddenly he threw the glass from him.

"To the divil wid ye," he exclaimed, angrily. "If we looks through you, it'll take us a year to reach that same pass."

I picked up the instrument and endeavored to explain its use to him, but nothing could induce him to look through it again. He firmly believed it had the power of making objects recede, and during the rest of our journey I could not persuade him even to touch it.

"Come, Pat," said I, "we must encamp in that pass to night. It is a long road through those mountains, and you know we have no time to waste on the way."

"It's a long road to them, I'm thinking by the same devil's handle that ye have there. And where is the Injins, bad luck to 'em?" he asked, as we rode off in the direction of the pass.

"When we cross these mountains we shall have gone scarcely one-tenth of our journey. Over that entire journey roam wild Indians and Mexicans; so you see, Pat, there is plenty of time, ye, to meet the red rascals."

"And the bufflys, when will we see them?"

"Not before we get out beyond the Sierra Nevada, on the plains."

"And the b'ars?"

"In these very mountains."

"Whoop!" shouted Pat, striking into a canter, "but it was a lucky day for me when I left ould Ireland."

"Remember," I admonished, "that it is not too soon to see the Indians you dread so much, and such recklessness upon your part, will be fatal in many circumstances."

Pat sobered down at once, and we rode on for some time in silence. It was late in the afternoon before we entered this pass, whose name as yet I have never heard. We

found it far more favorable to our progress than I had expected, and it seemed to me that we had already encountered the greatest difficulties of the expedition.

When night shut down upon us we were walled in by the mighty battlements whose tops pierced the very heavens, and which had never been scaled by mortal man. The fire which we kindled in the pass, served only to make the darkness visible, and to give an additional gloom to our situation, by its contrast with it. Not the least impressive characteristic of that mountain encampment was the profound stillness which held reign; so deep and solemn was it, that at times it seemed audible, and I fancied I could hear a roar, faint, yet mighty and awful, like the distant voice of the ocean, and such as we hear in placing a sea-shell to our ear. It is not sound itself, but the total absence of all sound that deceives us.

After gathering sufficient fuel to last through the night, Pat and I seated ourselves by the fire, to spend an hour or so in conversation ere we should lie down for the night.

"A wintry night," exclaimed he, blowing his fingers, and rubbing them before the blaze. "It 'minds me of ould Ireland, does this."

"You surely have no such weather as this in your country."

"But Ireland is a great counthry," said he, with a knowing shake of his head, for like all his people, he would never admit it being behind other countries in any particular. "Ireland is a great counthry," he repeated. "an' it's wishing I was back there this very minute, instead of being in this haythen counthry. Cowll, did you say? But there's where you see the cowll weather. The hail-stones as big as wathermelons, and the snow flakes like umbrells. Ah! that's the counthry for yees."

"A hail storm must be exceedingly dangerous in your country."

"Not a bit of it, they gets used to being cracked on the head with 'em. Faith, and I mind the first one that struck me. It was a night that I stood talking by the pigsty with Judy Malligan. I was just stooping to give her

the good-night kiss, when crack come one of the hailstones square on my pate."

"It must have injured you greatly?"

"Hurt me? Divil a bit of it. It struck me so hard that it broke in a thousand pieces, and scattered like a bomb shell. But it did one bad thing jist. It made me lose Judy," added Pat, with a great sigh.

"Lose her? and how did you do that?"

"You see I was jist on the pint of kissing Judy, when, bad luck to things, it came. It kind o' shocked me like, so that I bit Judy's cheek, and she squealed worse nor the piggeries. It hurt her so that she niver forgive me, and married big strappin' Tom Maloney, the bogman, the next week."

"Rather unfortunate, but perhaps, after all, it was the best for you, Pat."

"P'raps it was, as the Corkonian said when they strung him up for cracking another chap's head. "P'raps it was fur the best, but it's mighty hard to think so. But them same hailstones ain't nothin.' That's why they use so many shillalehs in Ireland. They gits so used to being hit on the head by the hailstones that they doesn't mind it at all. It doesn't hurt an Irishman to break his head."

"I saw one made very angry at least by the manner in which they treated his head."

"Who?" asked Pat, rolling his big, innocent eyes toward me.

"Yourself, the other day, when the bag was thrown over your shoulders."

"But that was haythenish. It war worse than I was served at Bridget Donovan's, in ould Ireland."

"And how was that, Pat?"

"That was an affair of the heart," said he, laying his hand upon his breast, and drawing a heavier sigh than before, "was that same thing jist." Here followed a silence so long, that it was not until I repeated my question that he said—

"But Tim Murphy was in the same scrape. You see the way on it was jist this way. Me and Tim both

went to see the same gal, Bridget Donovan, and a bootv she was. Hair the color of a nice burned brick, a nose that had a shoe on the end of it, and freckles all over her face. Well, me and Tim had been worrying her till she was most dead, and we hadn't found out which sthool the highest in her virgin affections. She always towld me she would die of languishing fever if she should lose the sight of my intelligent countenance, and, fur Tim, she tovl him, with tears in her eyes, that she wouldn't survive the loss of hearing him tell his scrapes and yarns for one day."

"In love with both, it seems."

"Well, things went on this way, me nor Tim not knowin' what's what, fur a year, when I made up my mind to make Bridget say *yes* or *no*, an' no foolin' more. So one moonlight night I brushes my brogues, turns up my trowser's legs, (and begorrah they come only an inch below my knaas), cocks my hat on one side of my head, so as to look bold and sassy, and with my shilldeh, I starts off fur Bridget's, whistling 'St. Patrick' all the way. What in the world should happen, but the divil put it into Tim's head to do the same thing that same night, and by the powers, when I lays my hand on the fence posts and hops over in sthyle, I sees Tim about six yards behind me. I niver knocked on the door, fur fear I might knock it down, and Tim was too close behind me fur me to think of it now. So I gently shoves it open and goes in. There being no light, I s'poses Bridget was up in the sitting room, which was also used for a garret and cellar. So I goes up the laddy, and hears Tim follyin' after me. There was no light here, and I wint tumbling up in the dark, and the fust thing I knowed I had forgotten all about the churn full of buttermilk which was set there, and I wint right head foremost into it. The bottom of it being larger than the top, when I tried to pull out my head my shoulders stuck fast, and I lifted up with the churn over the top of my head. The consequence was, all the buttermilk come straining down over my clothes, makin' me all white to my fat. I hears Tim laughin',

Bridget scraaming, and an uproar through all the house, and I makes a pitch down the laddy. The churn sthruck fust, and the shock shot me into it like a bullet, bustin' off the hoops, and laving me frae to do as I like. As I riz up, I hears the ould man behind me, and I saas Tim straakin' down the road as though the divil was aither him. I gives one yell, and wint like a mad bull in his tracks. I got within a rod of him, and then he slings one eye over his showllder, and saas me all white, and pantin', and takes me fur a ghost jist out of some graveyard. Then he lets out, and fur all I kipt jist so close to him, Baalzebub himself couldn't catched him. His hat flew off, his short haar sthruck sthstraight out, and you could have set a glass of toddy on his coat-tails without sphillin' any, so livil were the same. Bimeby, I felt the wind of something go by my face, and I saas that one of his brogans has come off. It wan't long before the other goes over my head, but Tim wouldn't sthop. I bawled out to him, and towld him who I was, but he was too seart to haar or give haad. Well, we kept on runnin' fur several hours, and might have been runnin' to this day, if a sthone wa'l hadn't fetchd us up. Tim tried to jump it, but it was a little too high, and his haals wint over last, follyed by two or three bushels of sthones that they carried with them. I couldn't sthop, and so I follyed him, my toes bringing the rist of the wall on top of us. Well, we sthruggled out, and then Tim stan who I was, and, after laughin' over it, we made an agraa-ment to fight for Bridget, and sthop this foolin', both of us. So we sthripped and wint smilingly at it. Begorrah! but that was a hard fout scrimmage was that same, and whin mornin' came, me and Tim were both wheeled home on wheelbarrys, and was laid up fur a month. But Tim knocked under to me. I got out of bed two days afore he did, and he owned up beat, and agraad to bother Bridget no more. So I s'poses things to be all right. I dressed up in my bist, cocks my hat on one side jist as gay and sassy as afore, and starts off agin fur Bridget's house. I popped the quistion that time."

"And with what success?" I asked, as he abruptly paused, sighed, and looked gloomily into the fire.

"Begorrah, but Bridget had married Tim two weeks afore, at his shanty!"

"You certainly were fortunate in being saved from such a flirt as that."

"At any rate, it was the means of my coming to Ameriky, and whether that same thing was fortunit or not, remains to be seen, as the cobbler said, when the doctor saved the life of his wife. By the powers"——

I saw Pat's eyes dilate with horror, and his face blanch with sudden and intense fear. For a moment he was unable to speak, but his gaze remained fixed and concentrated at something over my head, and then he rose gradually to the sitting position, and with quivering lips pointed over my shoulder at something behind me. I felt a sudden chill as I turned my head, and looked apprehensively around, but I saw nothing.

"Quick! there he is! quick! quick!"

I leaped toward Pat, and at the same instant something dark and panther-like, leaped toward me, striking on the spot I left, and crouching down like an enraged cat.

"Back to the devil wid ye!" shouted Pat, flinging a brand of fire directly in the animal's way. The latter, with a half growl and snarl, sprang backward beyond the circle of the fire, and settled down upon the ground. By this time we had recovered from the shock which the unexpected appearance of this animal had given, and began to speak rationally, although Pat's first remark did not sound thus.

"Begorrah, but he's an ugly looking buffly!"

"A buffalo!" I exclaimed, amused in spite of my fear.

"That is no buffalo. I only wish it were."

"A grizzly bear, then."

"Nor that either, I can assure you."

"A deer, thin, ef it 'tain't nothing else."

"But it is something else, most certainly."

"And plaze enlighten me while I take aim at one of them eyes shinin' out there in the darkness."

"I never saw a similar animal before," I replied. He is too small and active for a bear, and is too fierce and courageous for a wolf; besides, from the glimpse I had of him, he does not resemble either."

"I know what he is," said Pat, lowering his gun, with a look of deep meaning.

"What is he?"

Pat bent his face close to mine, and keeping his eyes fixed upon that of the strange animal, he said, in a solemn, sepulchral voice—

"The devil!"

I could but laugh at this as I answered—

"We'll try the virtue of powder and ball upon him, at any rate."

All this time a low, cavernous and continuous growl was issuing from the dread animal. From its black color one could not make out the outlines of its body, but both its eyes were visible, round, and with that phosphorescent, cat-like gleam, seen in the feline species. I sighted for the right eye, and Pat for the left, and we fired, and the brute did not seem hurt in the least! The growl assumed a fiercer cast, and we saw it was stealthily approaching us. Pat caught up several brands and hurled them at it. One of these happened to fall upon its back, and lay there for a moment, while the brute itself made a wild leap, and hurried away, affrighted at this new enemy. But in an instant he was back again, flitting hither and thither, and keeping us in a fever of excitement. Had it not been for the fire, we would not have been safe one minute from the animal's attack. I had fired twice, but seemingly without effect, and Pat now sighted again as it paused for a moment in its demonstrations. Another threatening growl was the only evidence that the brute had felt the bullet.

"Be the powers," muttered Pat, "but I hit him square in the eye that time, and he never gave a wink!"

"There must be some mistake in our aim," said I; "no animal could receive such a fatal bullet without showing it more than he does."

"But he limps," exclaimed Pat, as the animal passed into view before the fire.

The ferocity of this beast was so great, that he would have sprung upon us as it was, had we not stood on the very edge of the fire, and repeatedly threw blazing brands at him. Such courage and fury I have never seen in any animal, and, save the grizzly bear, I have never known such immunity from the effect of rifle balls. But like every member of the brute creation, he had a mortal terror of fire, and could not brave its power. This was seen so plainly, that Pat, at length, remarked, as if he had made a great discovery.

"But I'll fix him now, if the bullets doesn't haarm him."

"And how will you do that?"

"Tie a torch to his tail and set him shtreakin' through the mountains, like one of them locomotives we have in the States."

"A good plan, and I would advise you to try it."

Absurd as was the proposition, Pat was really in earnest, and would have attempted it, had I not shown him pretty plainly what the consequences would be. We continued firing at it as we gained opportunity, and it was soon evident that our balls had effect upon it. I saw it limp painfully, and when the flash of a brand revealed its face, it showed it was badly wounded. But still the dogged animal refused to leave us, and seemed to grow more ferocious, the more it was fired upon. Convinced that there was no need of firing hastily at it, I waited until I could make certain, and then, taking deliberate aim, shot it dead in its tracks.

By this time it was midnight, and the excitement which our nerves had undergone drove away all desire of sleep. We did not disturb the dead body until daylight, when I made a thorough examination of it. It proved to be a *caracou*—an animal as rare as it is singular. It was of a jet black color, with long and coarse hair, and a trim, slender body. Its head and neck resembled those of a wolf, while its tail and feet were like those of a bear, and the

body itself resembled both. In size, it was considerably larger than a cur dog, while its activity and strength could only be equalled by the panther.

The *carcajon* is sometimes met with in the Black Hills and Big Horn Mountains, but with the exception of the one mentioned, I have never heard of one being found as far westward as the Coast Range or Sierra Nevada. By some the animal is believed to be a cross between the bear and wolf. As I have said, it is rarely met with, and I believe, has been referred to by one or two travelers only.

The whole of the next day was spent in riding through this remarkable pass, so regular and evenly cut through the mountain chain, that it seemed the hand of art must have assisted in its formation. Finally, we emerged in the broad valley lying between the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada, and struck off toward the San Joaquin.

CHAPTER III.

THE WRITING FOUND ON THE BUFFALO SKIN.

The second day after leaving the Coast Range Mountains, we reached the San Joaquin, and forded it at a point a few miles below Merced City. This stands upon the route which Fremont followed in 1844, and is a few miles north of Merced River. The latter stream we reached, and ascended to its very source in the Sierra Nevada, where, of course, we left it, and commenced our passage of this second great chain of the Pacific coast. Our journey over these mountains was so similar to that over the Coast Range, that I shall merely refer to it. I was far more fortunate than I dared to hope, for without taking any special pains to do it, we came upon a good pass, which led us through this formidable barrier to the broad plains of southeastern California and the Rio Colorado Valley.

I have said that once through these two mountain

chains, and half the difficulties of our journey were overcome; but such was far from being the case. Before reaching Santa Fe, where we expected to winter, we were obliged to cross a vast country, over which roamed countless hordes of hostile Indians. Among these were the Mohahoes, Cosninas, Chemeguabas, Tejuas, and, worse than all, the bloodthirsty Apaches. Besides these, the California Mexicans, cowardly and merciless, scoured these regions, and two such traders as we were could not hope any immunity from danger in crossing such a country. Of this we were soon convinced.

The second day after reaching these plains, Pat and I were riding leisurely forward, conversing as usual, and keeping the horizon well swept for danger. The day was unusually clear and pleasant, resembling one in early spring more than any other season.

"Begorrah," said Pat, "but this is the divil's own counthry. Two weeks ago it was winter, and now it is summer agin!"

"This is but a mere spell in the weather. It will not be long before the season will be upon us in earnest. We are in a more southern latitude than we have been as yet, and may reasonably expect less vigorous climate than we experienced among the mountains."

"But where is the bufflys and baars? and where is the Injins, too?"

"The last question, I trust, you may ask many times before it can be answered. I believe we have now entered a sort of general hunting ground, where members of a dozen different tribes are constantly roving."

Near the middle of the afternoon a dark, murky mass of vapor was seen to the southward. It stretched over a mile across the lower portion of the sky, resting perfectly motionless from the extreme western limit, which settled down to the horizon. Beyond a doubt, a burning village stood at this point, and had vomited upward these vast volumes of smoke during the forenoon. We kept on to the north-west, but this motionless mass of smoke remained a

long time in the sky, to warn us of the character of the country through which we were journeying.

This day in November I shall never forget, because it was signalled by an event which, though trivial in itself, still was important in its results; and was, I believe, one of those providences which has ever been a source of wonder and profound gratitude to God with me. I have often reflected upon it; and to-day, after fifteen years have passed, I feel the same thrill of surprise and thankfulness that I did, upon that autumn day, when the discovery burst upon me. The incident itself has nothing of the supernatural about it, and many, at first, would call it nothing more than a simple coincidence, rather remarkable in itself, perhaps, but nothing more than is happening continually in everyday life. Such as please may consider it thus, but I do not, and am not willing to give up the pleasant thought that it was a smile from Providence upon the work I had undertaken.

For the last three or four hours we had been following a well-beaten track which, though leading to the northeast, was still in its main direction from the northwest. It simply deviated from its course for the few miles we had been upon it, and before the incident occurred it resumed its southwestern course, thereby satisfying me that it was a trail leading from Central California or Utah, to some point in New Mexico, east of the Rio Colorado.

Pat and I were riding side by side, when he inquired:

"What is that shining out on the prairie thar? The dried up skin of a buffly, I should think!"

The object in question resembled a roll of parchment, bleached perfectly white by the storms which had probably beaten upon it for years. Such things are often met with in the Far West, where the buffaloes themselves are so numerous that it is no object to the passing emigrant to disturb them. I remember that Kendall told me he had seen the same more than once upon the Great Oregon Trail, and that they were often written over and over with the names of those who had passed that way. In one instance he found a sort of diary, with entries covering

over two weeks, which some enterprising genius had taken the pains to record in this manner. I was about to ride on, when a thought crossed me that made my heart leap with excitement. Relinquishing my reins to Pat, I dismounted and walked toward it. As I stooped over, I saw it had been *written upon!* The words were scarcely legible, having been recorded with a common lead pencil. The handwriting I recognized in an instant. I examined it over and over again, and studied every spare inch of it. After great difficulty I deciphered a number of the words, and these are what they were:

"I can scarcely hope this will ever reach the eye of a friend, but a faith in the mercy of Him who has never deserted me, leads me to use this simple means which has been placed at my disposal. Early in the autumn of 1850, I became separated from captured Apaches to the and should any one Gustavus Kendall New Orleans, and—perhaps also Enola, sister. Still firmly believing that

"PRESTON KENDALL."

The first few words were easily made out, as the buffalo skin being crisped and rolled up by the sun, they were partially protected from the storms which had blurred and erased the remaining portion. It was with feelings which are indescribable that I read these words. I know not which emotion predominated, that of wonder at this occurrence, or the gratitude and pleasure I felt in being assured I was upon the right trail. I know that after mounting my horse, my feelings were such that for a time I could pay no heed to the numerous and repeated questions of my companion. Ah! Preston Kendall, little did you dream who would peruse those words you so doubtfully put upon the buffalo skin.

After awhile I explained what I had discovered to Pat, and his hopefulness at once became extravagant.

"Begorrah, and the boy knowed we's coming this way,

and he wrote the same for our edification. He was always a knowing child, was he, jist like the ould man! The little gal, too, that I've never saan, she is with 'em, too! But luck to us if a thousand yelling Injins or *carcajeys* kaap us from finding them!"

"There is still a long hunt before us, Pat. The Apache country is far to the southwest."

"But don't they come in these same parts, be the same token?"

"We have already seen that they do; but their hunting grounds, their own home, I mean, is yet a long way off."

"And we'll soon be there?"

"I don't know about that. This mild weather cannot last many days longer, and it won't do for us to be wandering among the plains and mountains during the winter. I think it would be best to make a straight line for Santa Fe, where we can obtain assistance, and in case we recover our friends, remain until the opening of spring. The Apache country lies to the south of Santa Fe, and we can but find many at the latter place who have a full acquaintance with them."

"But it'll be a long road to travel this same back agin."

"Very true, Pat, but we will not undertake it alone. I shall secure an escort, so that there will be no danger of such an accident or oversight as happened before. Had I been certain that the Apaches were their captors, I would have advised Mr. Kendall to return to New Orleans, as we can reach that point with less difficulty than we can make our way back to California."

"Isn't the air getting colder?" asked Pat, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Such I had noticed was the case. That peculiarly clear lustre of the atmosphere which we had noted was gone, and a darkness seemed concentrating around us, although it was much too early for any appearance of twilight. A storm was gathering, and the reign of this delightful weather was manifestly drawing to a close.

"There is a change," I replied, "and we must be ready

for it. If I am not mistaken we shall have a severe storm before morning, probably of sleet and snow."

Pat shrugged his shoulders again.

"Do they have *hurricanes* in this country?"

"Some of the fiercest ever known occur in this section, but this is not one that is gathering over us. It is too deliberate in its preparation. A hurricane comes up like a whirlwind."

"Be d——l to 'em!" said Pat, with a shake of his head. "I'd rather let 'em alone. I was cotched by a whirlwind once in the ould counthry."

"You were? Indeed, how was it?"

"It was qua'r, was the same. Me and Juley O'Connor was dancing a raal Irish jig on the gram one afternoon. I was always great on the jigs, and when I commenced whirling round on my right fat, I always tuk the lassie's eyes. Wal, I give a whirl that set me spinning the same as a top for a few minutes. Bat, by St. Pathrick, when I took off the staam, I *didn't*; then I put on the brakes, but it was no use, I *couldn't stop*! I was like the man with a cork leg. I tried to twist the other way, but I only kept going faster and faster, till I was told afterward by the boys and gals that they could only see the prints of my two feet, I was buzzing around so fast. Bye in-bye I commenced *rising*, I felt myself going, and hollered to the boys to hold me down. They cotched me by the brogans, but the things slipped off, and I *went up*, still spinning round and round. How high I went I don't know, fur I lost my senses about then. When I got 'em agin I was layin' on my back in the road, with the boys hammering me to wake me up. Of course I was dizzy when I got up from being spun around so, and they had to carry me home. But that wasn't the worse of it," added Pat, with a sigh.

"And what worse could nappen to you?"

"None of the lads or lassies would believe it was the *whirlwind*. They all said I'd been tipsy, and bothered me terribly."

"The whirlwind was perhaps in your head."

"I don't know about that. Leastwise I don't want to get in another."

"Have you noticed any greater change in the air?"

"It looks slightly darker is all, and the chilliness is the same, that I'll put on my blanket. And where will we encamp to-night?"

"That is what troubles me. I see not the least shelter before us. Off yonder, on our right, a long distance away, are trees, if I mistake not."

Pat gazed in the indicated direction, and agreed with me that this slight shelter at least was offered us. We turned our horses' heads that way, and a half hour's canter brought us up to two stunted trees standing in a slight depression in the prairie. There was no water near, and we felt considerable thirst, but we concluded this should be our camping spot for the night, as it was hardly possible we could find one equally good. We had just dismounted, when an exclamation from Pat attracted my attention.

"Yonder is the same beauty spot for us," said he pointing toward a large tree which lay extended upon the ground.

"How is that going to serve you?"

"We can cuddle down alongside of it and sleep like kittens."

The idea seemed so good that we tried it on the instant. In doing so Pat struck the log with his knee, and it gave a hollow sound. Acting upon this hint, he arose, went to the base, and crawled in head foremost. I listened as he made his way along in the dark trunk until he had gone several feet, when he paused. Instantly after was heard a terrific scratching, kicking, and struggling, while Pat's muffled voice shouted:

"St. Patrick save me, but here's the devil in here! Be the powers, he's aiting me up! I'm lost! I'm lost! O, worrah, worrah! why did I ever leave oul' Ireland? Git out, you spalpeen, I tells you! Keep off, or I'll smash your head!"

The next moment Pat's legs kicked to view, and were

rapidly followed by the rest of his body, covered with rotten wood, and his clothes disarranged, while he was busy shouting, "Keep off wid ye! Bad luck to you, I'll smash every bone in your body!"

He was hardly free of the log, when, to my surprise, a small, lean, calaverous bear, issued out and walked sulkily away. He was too cowardly to attack us, and after the amusement he had given me, I felt no disposition to shoot him.

"He's not the divil," said I, laughing at Pat's fright.

"Another *carcagey*, then."

"Nor that either; he is nothing but a half-starved bear, that you have disturbed in his sleep."

"Bad luck to him, and didn't he disturb me, be the same token?"

"Did he wound you?"

"Faith and I don't know. Worrab, worrab, s'pose I'd knowed a bear was in there—do you think I'd crawled in?"

"How was it you discovered him?"

"Aisy enough. I was jist crawling along like, when I rams my head right against his belly, and he knocks my hat off with his paw. Thinks I, Pat, these quarters is disputed, and it'd be advisable to argufy the matter on the outside. So I backs out, and instead of staying to settle it, he goes off, like a blackguard that he is."

"That sort of creature is generally harmless, and if you had behaved yourself, he might have allowed you to share his quarters with him."

"One thing I knows," said Pat, with a meaning shake of his head, "if there's one bear about here, there's more, and I doesn't stay in these parts."

"There are no more, I am sure. That is only a stray one that has crawled in there to be out of the coming storm."

"He'll be back agin as soon as it's dark, by the powers, and he'll bring a whole pack with him, so we'd better tramp while we kin. Yonder are some traas that are as good as these. Let's examine them."

Pat was resolved, and so, mounting our horses again, we rode toward the trees mentioned, scarcely half a mile distant. By the time we reached them it was quite dark, and a few flakes of snow were drifting through the air. The plains were bleak and desolate enough to make this shelter acceptable to us, and we determined to use it at all hazards. The prairie being of the rolling kind, and as we were again in a sort of depression, we were partially protected from the keen, cutting wind. The trees were some six or eight in number, and much stunted in their growth. As we had ample outfit, this sudden change in the weather did not find us unprepared. We threw blankets over our horses and secured them to one of the trees, while we nestled down at the base. It was impossible to kindle a fire, the wood being too green to use, and we had sufficient clothing to defy the cold, so that the only inconvenience we suffered was thirst, which, after all, was not much.

It snowed nearly all night, and, in the morning, it lay several inches deep.

Our course was now shaped about due southeast, toward that portion of the Mohave country which was visited by Pedro Fout, in 1755. This lies between the Mohave and Virgin Rivers, and our purpose was to strike the Rio Colorado at a point midway between the junction of the former with the latter. A little south of this route, runs the Trail from Southern California to Santa Fe. This Trail follows the southern bank of the Mohave to its mouth, when crossing the Colorado; it strikes William's Fork upon the opposite side, along the northern bank of which it proceeds, and finally reaches the Rio Colorado Chiquitor, which it follows to its source in the mountains. We did not wish to reach this traveled route before we had crossed the Rio Colorado, as I had good reason to fear it was traveled by those we cared little about encountering.

A few miles further on, we crossed a small stream of water, where our horses slaked their thirst, and upon the banks of which they found sufficient grass to pluck a good

meal, the strong winds having blown it partially clear from snow. It looked curious enough to see the green grass amid this evidence of winter; but this latitude is sometimes subject to as sudden changes as a more northern one, and such a sight is too often met with to occasion wonder with the traveler.

We soon found we had not been overtaken by the fiercest portion of the storm, for, by the middle of the afternoon, we reached a portion of the prairie where it was several inches deeper, and the sky gave evidence of shelving more. And sure enough, several hours before night-fall, it commenced falling again. Night came on prematurely, and stumbling into a huge bank, which half filled a hollow in the plain, we made our encampment. Working with our feet alone, we brushed the snow aside, until we had a cavity a dozen feet square, the center being bare ground, and the walls of snow all around being several feet in height. Into this we led our horses, and blanketed them. By this time the fall of snow had ceased, and it was a clear starlight overhead. A keen, cutting wind was blowing, and now and then sent a shower of icy, sand-like particles down upon us, with the exception of which we escaped its force, the protecting snow walls being sufficient to keep it from us.

"By the powers," said Pat, his teeth rattling like a dice-box, "we must git up a roarin' fire here."

"Get up a fire?" I repeated. "How will you do that, when there is nothing with which to make a fire?"

"But I'll find something, or fraze I!"

With this he bounded over the wall of snow, leaving his rifle and blanket behind, and disappeared in the darkness. To my surprise, he reappeared again, with an armfull of limbs and shrubbery.

"Now we'll tend to the fire," said he, joyously, going down on his knees, and arranging them so that they could be easily kindled.

"Where did you procure those?" I asked.

"Just folly me, and you'll soon find out."

He sprang off again on a sort of canter, I hurrying after.

Several rods away we came upon a species of sage bushes, quite plenty and luxuriant. We broke off armfuls again and again, and soon had enough collected to last us until morning. The leaves and smaller twigs thrown upon the snow formed a bed for our blankets, secure and comfortable, such as the trapper of British America uses when on his travels.

It required patience and great care to start the flame, but once kindled, it burned readily and vigorously, and was soon diffusing its genial warmth around us. Strange that in the full enjoyment of our situation, it never once occurred to us that other eyes than ours might see this light!

"Well, Pat," said I, cheerily, "what do you think of this country by this time?"

"The devil take it," he replied, "it's haythenish. It isn't many hundred miles we can travel in this same country if they kaapes this sun to cool us off with."

"This will not last—the plains will soon be more free and open."

"More open!" he repeated, "bedad, but it's the *open* part that's the trouble, as the man said when he went through the ice. It's that jist that we can dispense with."

"I am hopeful of milder weather, during which we can reach some place to winter in."

"It's what mesilf is also hopin'."

"This storm is just a sign of coming winter to give us warning—a sort of joke upon it."

"But it strikes me it is carrying the joke a little too far to be agreeable to the party most interested, as Captain Kidd said when they bung him."

"You have no wish to turn back, I trust?" I remarked, half inquiringly.

"Turn back agin to the mountains and *cargamans*? Not yit quite. I goes ahead till I fetches up somewhere."

"Keep up your spirits then, Pat. Our situation is rather lonely at this minute, I will confess, but it will improve. We have come a long ways, and braved many

dancers together, and there is no reason that I see for feeling the least doubt of the future."

"I doesn't feel the least doubt at all," replied the Irishman, with a twinkle of his fine blue eye.

"I hope you will not either."

"I hope I will, fur jist now I'm sartin about trouble ahead. I'd rather not be as sartin. But let it come," he added, in his joyous manner. "Pat Ryan is ready for Injin, *carragee*, or bully, ef he doesn't have to chase 'em on foot."

"Or is not chased by them."

"Pat Ryan runs from four-legged creatures, but from them that wears two legs, never! Let the Injins come on ef they choose, and they'll see the stuff he's made off."

"I trust you'll make your words good, if the occasion ever arises," said I in a tone to imply that I rather doubted what he had said.

"That same will I do. I've come to find the boy and the lassie Enola, and I doesn't show my face to the ould gentleman till I has them same two fur to introduce me, fearing he might not know me if I should come otherwise."

"Pledge me your honor upon that," said I, grasping his hand. The pressure was cordially returned, and he replied:

"Sink or swim, the whole kit goes down together, taking several hundred Injins, by way of ballast, with us jist. Begorrah! but the spalpeens must know it, fur they kaapes mighty shy of us, jist now."

"You may thank your stars for that. The Apache is a neighbor we can well afford to dispense with at present."

"If they remain civil, of coorse we doesn't disturb 'em; but I'd prefer they'd kaap on their own side the noise, as the ould man said when the bear chased him round his cabin."

"Well, the night is getting well along, and suppose we make ready for sleeping."

"It's all the same to me, slape or no slape."

We heaped on additional fuel, and stretching out on our bed of twigs, with our feet toward the flame, felt far more

comfortable than one would imagine we could under the circumstances. In a few minutes Pat's deep, regular breathing, told that he was unconscious, but tired and exhausted, it was impossible for me to sleep. I felt a feverish restlessness that prevented me from closing my eyes, and at length throwing the upper part of my blanket from my face, gazed out.

The position of my head was such that my eyes naturally enough rested upon the upper edge of the snow wall behind Pat. Directly over and above this, was the cold blue sky, flecked by many a twinkling star, like the span-gled back ground of some dim old picture. Lying thus, my mind gradually wandered off in a reverie, first of my distant home, and then of Enola and her brother. I wondered and speculated upon their situation, and their prospects of escape. I wandered into the future, and journeyed hand-in-hand with her through magic aisles and castles; I traveled up and down fairy streets, and by the banks of lone and mysterious rivers—alone and together; for we were all in all to each other, and wished no other companionship. The fire smouldered, and its light grew dimmer, till the form of my friend lay like a dark shadow against the snow.

Gradually, like the dissolving of a dream into reality, came the impression that something unusual was going on around me. The first cause of this, as well as I can now remember, was a neigh and stamp from the horses. This seemed to disturb me, but not entirely to arouse me from the trance-like reverie into which I had fallen. My gaze still remained fixed upon the upper edge of the snow wall and the twinkling stars in the blue sky beyond. And it was while fixed upon this very spot, that a round, ball-like object rose directly up in my field of vision, resembling at first a vast circular cloud that was rising in the distant sky. But as I regained my senses, I saw that instead of being in the sky, it was no further off than the snow wall, and what at first seemed so unaccountable to me, was the head and gleaming eye-balls of an Indian.

This discovery fully awakened me, and I rose suddenly

to the sitting position. As I did so, the whizz of something struck my ear, and I instinctively threw up my left arm to ward off a blow. For an instant I saw an object like a lengthy and coiled snake circling overhead, and immediately after a lasso settled over me, and was jerked taut as quick as lightning.

The involuntary raising of my arm, beyond a doubt, saved my neck from being broken, for the lariat, instead of closing around my throat, as the thrower must have certainly intended, inclosed my left shoulder in the loop, leaving my right arm free. So rigid and painful was this, that the first shock was like the blow of some heavy instrument. I did not lose my presence of mind, but uttering a warning to Pat, endeavored to rise to my feet and draw my knife, but while in the act of doing so, the red devil jerked me violently to the ground and started his horse off on a gallop, dragging me helplessly through the snow.

As I shot off like a thunderbolt through the snow, I remember to have seen the terror-stricken countenance of Pat, in the dim light of the camp-fire, as awakened by my cry, he gazed around, unable to comprehend on the instant, my imminent peril. Then followed the blinding, shivering, gasping rush through the snow, like a plunge into the Arctic sea. Again and again I tried, with the fury of desperation, to regain my feet, but it was impossible, and as I felt for my knife I found it gone. My hand struck the butt of one of my revolvers, but I did not loosen it as it could have availed me nothing.

All at once something heavy fell upon me and rolled off in the snow. A minute later the same thing occurred again. This was repeated several times, the man endeavoring to grasp me and hold me in his arms. Failing in this, I at length heard Pat's well known voice.

"Begorrah, that's a strong rope! Won't it ever break?"

"Shoot him! cut it for God's sake!" I shouted, half-choked with snow.

The next minute my forward motion was suddenly

checked, and the sharp report of a rifle told me that Pat had followed my advice.

"How does that suit, you old haythen!" he asked assisting me to my feet. "Be you hurt much Mr. Marewold?"

"Not seriously. Let us return to our fire, there may be others in the neighborhood."

"There's one, at least, who's slightly indisposed, as the cobbler said when his wife axed him to pull her out of the river."

Leaning heavily on him, we made our way back to our camp-fire, which we were not reckless enough to approach without first reconnoitering it. From the actions of the single savage I had supposed he was the only one in the vicinity, and the fact that our horses remained undisturbed, now satisfied me that my suspicions were correct. So we returned to our camp-fire and replenished it at once.

I had been dragged a distance of several hundred yards through the snow, and, as a natural consequence, was pretty well bruised. Such a proceeding upon the bare ground would have left me few whole bones to boast of, and the accidental upthrowing of my arm, as I have stated, alone saved me a dislocation of the neck. This frightful adventure gave such a shock to my nerves as to place all sleep upon my part out of the question, while Pat evinced equal wakefulness. I noticed him carefully arranging a portion of his blanket around his neck, like a gigantic handkerchief, and inquired the cause.

"By the powers, I'm not ready to be hung just yit," he replied. "I'm trying the turtle dodge, d'ye see!"

"The turtle dodge—What can that be?"

"Jist what I'm doing this minute. Ef one of them Injin loops comes flyin' through the air, and sittles over my neck, I draws in my head like a turtle does, and the loop slips over aisy and playsant. You couldn't lasso a turtle with his head drawed in, could ye now?"

"Not very well, that's true. But I've little fears of being disturbed more to-night."

I doesn't think I can be disturbed any more aither, as the man said when he fell out of bed and broke his head, by the token that his nerves was already rumped up."

"Pat," said I, with a questioning frown, "when I was being dragged through the snow didn't you fall upon me once or twice?"

"I did; and rather heavy I tried to make the same falls."

"They were certainly heavy enough. I suppose you stumbled accidentally?"

"It was all accidental, except the part which was done on purpose, and, be jabbers, that was all of it."

"Done on purpose! In the name of all that is sensible, why did you fall upon me?"

"I was trying an original plan that come into my head. I saw you was thraveling faster than was playsant, and 'twas all I could do to kape up with you, as the ould divil had his boss on a gallop. So I tries to break the rope, and accordingly falls on you heavy, and hang fast, thinking the rope couldn't be strong enough to pull us both along, but the bloody thing was, and I couldn't hold on to you. So after trying it awhile, thinks I p'raps you wouldn't have any objection if I should cut the rope, and so I did, blazin' away at the Injin at the same time."

"That was an original idea!" I laughed; "and one worthy of you. Suppose the rope had caught around my neck, you would have done the same, would you?"

"Of course, out of kindness, as Jim Sullivan said, when he robbed the English lord. It would have saved you the throuble of bein' bothered with a sore neck. I've a 'spicion we're gittin' into the Apache counthry, or, what is the same, the Apaches are gittin' into this; and, in spite of the snow, layin' 'round loose, we'll soon have hot quarters."

"The proceedings of the last few days point that way at least."

"By St. Patrick!" exclaimed my friend, springing to his feet, "I must have a—what is it you call it?—a scalp!"

"Sit down. Are you crazy?"

"Whoop! hurrah!" and away he bounded in the darkness. A few minutes' reflection convinced me that he was about to scalp the Indian he had shot. With the determination to prevent this, I arose to follow him, when I heard his well-known voice:

"By the powers, if yer doesn't walk straight, I'll yank the head off of yees. No dodging now; right ahead there. You needn't putend ye doesn't know where the fire is; ye knowed well enough awhile ago. There, you is all right."

And, to my unbounded astonishment, a live Apache walked sullenly up to the fire, followed by Pat, who was commanding him in tones loud enough to be heard a mile distant. What also struck me was, that his horse followed him up to within a few paces.

"I thought he was slain," said I, looking to ward Pat.

"So he was, but he come to agin. When I got out there, he was tryin' to get on his hoss, the hoss *boosting* him up at the same time, but he couldn't come it soon enough. I pulled him off by the leg, and walked him up to you, his animal following him, as a dacent animal would."

I saw how it had been. Pat had wounded the Apache (as I judged him to be) in such a manner as to unhorse him, but his faithful beast remained by him, until he summoned sufficient strength to make the attempt, at least, to remount; but failing in this, he was taken prisoner by Pat.

He stood with his arms behind him, his face bent, and a dark, sullen scowl resting upon his features. His dress was thin, and covered over in many places with snow. A bright, scarlet line from his shoulder down to his waist, and one leg to his foot, was made by the blood flowing from the bullet wound. Although but a few minutes before this same savage attempted my life, and he was now within my power, my only feelings were those of commiseration at the suffering I knew he was undergoing. I approached him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, but he

did not stir a muscle or look up. I then pointed to his wound, but still he did not move. I stepped back and took a more leisurely survey of his features.

He was a splendid specimen of the physical man, hardly six feet in height, but with every limb and muscle of perfect symmetry. He was as straight as an arrow, rather attenuated in figure, with bold, impressive features and an air of resolute, determined defiance stamped upon his countenance. Above his waist he wore a thin skin of some kind, fitting nearly as close as his own; at the waist was a band, from which the handle of a knife protruded, while its point projected from the lower portion. He wore leggins and finely ornamented moccasins, but, cold as was the weather, he had no signs of a blanket, or any other covering about him. This was the more singular, as the finest blankets in the world are made by the Indians of New Mexico. His rifle was already in the possession of Pat.

Cutting a thin strip from my own blanket, I made a demonstration toward bandaging his wound; but he repulsed me as quick as lightning, and stepping back a pace or two, turned his black, gleaming eyes full upon me, as if he would annihilate me on the spot.

"Oh, murther! what a look!" exclaimed Pat. "He could burn a hole in a blanket with them eye-balls of his!"

"He is an *Indian*, and though a prisoner, takes no pains to conceal his scorn and hatred of us. I do not understand how he allowed himself to be taken a prisoner."

"One of the raisons I s'pose is, 'cause he couldn't help himself. He feels that hurt of his more than he's a mind to let on. He's jist puttin' on airs, and I'll soon have to come down agin. When I got to him he could jist stand, and that's all."

This was the true reason of the Indian allowing himself to be taken. Such a proud, defiant spirit, would never have consented to the disgrace of surrendering, had not nature herself commanded it. Even now he would not have stood thus motionless before us, had he not been in

reality as helpless as a child. I saw him tremble, not with cold, but with weakness. I noticed his determination to preserve his stoicism, but he could not; and, with the grace of a monarch, he seated himself by the fire, and bent his gleaming orbs upon it. How I admired, while I pitied, that Apache savage!

Now that Pat was afforded a minute survey of the formidable being he had captured, his dread of him was far greater than when he summoned him to surrender. In fact, he would never have dared to approach him had he known what he was beforehand. The Irishman held his peace for awhile; but as he saw, after a time, that the Indian had no power to harm us, even if he had the will, his courage rapidly returned to him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

"What does ye think of yerself?" demanded Pat, shaking his fist in the face of the immovable Apache. "What does ye think of yerself, ye ould haythen, to lasso a gintleman as ye did?"

"Let him alone," said I; "he is wounded."

"It's very aisy to see that, as the man said, when he got killed; but I'm jist conversing with him, argufying to convince him of the error of his ways. You ould haythen, I say, you won't try that game agin, will yees?"

"Pat," said I, sternly, "it is cowardly and shameful to talk that way to a prisoner, and you shall not do it any longer."

A sullen light seemed to break in upon the Irishman, for, springing toward the Indian, he thrust out his hand, saying, in his impetuous manner:

"Give us yer paw on that. I axes yer pardon; it was a mane trick, and I won't do it agin."

To my surprise, the savage permitted his hand to be

taken, and Pat shook it heartily. At this I made another move, as if to dress his wound; but he repulsed me as decidedly as before; and it then struck me that he had formed a favorable idea of the Irishman. Having received his bullet, it probably arose from that fact, as the North American Indian has an instinctive admiration for all acts of bravery and daring, and never takes any pains to conceal it.

I now offered some of our meat to the Indian. At first he refused it, but the offer being repeated, he took it, tasted it, and then spat it out with a grimace of disgust. Its being cooked, was perhaps the cause of this. Seeing that I could do nothing for him, I turned to my companion, with the question:

“What shall we do with him in the morning?”

“Lave him go.”

“Do you believe it will be safe, Pat? He may be a chief, and he will not soon forget the wound you have given him.”

“I doesn't think he will, nor the kindness, aither, with which we have traited him.”

“No, I feel satisfied of that. The Indian never forgets a kindness, nor an injury; and as the injury was inflicted in self defence, I do not think it his nature to harbor ill will for it. Pat I think he likes you.”

“Natural that he should,” said Pat, complacently stroking his chin. “I admires his taste greatly.”

“I have seen him looking toward you several times, and am glad to believe he would do you no injury were the opportunity afforded him.”

“Which I doesn't think will be done very soon by himself, owing to the inconvenience of throwing a lasso, with an augur hole in him.”

“His hurt may trouble him for a little while, but not long. His people will bear almost any amount of suffering.”

“Yis,” said Pat, after a moment's pause, caused by relighting his pipe. “If the gentleman wishes to let his relatives know that he's as well as can be expected under

the circumstances, we'll give him a ticket of leave in the morning, provided he promises to behave himself after this."

"Provided he promises to do so? How is he going to do that, when he cannot understand a word we say?"

"Doesn't he though? I think as he does now. I'll try him now, jist. Say, you, how'd you like a glass of grog, jist now?"

The Apache was looking toward his horse, and did not move his head or show any signs of hearing the words addressed him.

"Say, you," repeated Pat, throwing a small snow-ball toward him. The Indian turned his head quickly and looked full at him. "How would you like a wee drop of whisky?"

As might be expected, the savage showed no signs of understanding the words, and, as if it would assist his comprehension, Pat repeated it again and again in a louder tone of voice, until he shouted it the last time. Finally he gave it up in disgust.

"He's an outlandish haythen and savage, sure, for he doesn't understand the word *whisky* or *grog*. There's no hope when a man sinks as low as that, as the darkey said when the shark carried him to the bottom of the sea."

"He would probably have learned the name before this, had he come in contact with those speaking the English language, but the Spanish is the one which he would be likely to hear."

"Becorrah, I thought whisky was the same in all languages, as I've ginerally found it the same stuff in all countries, that is, when the thing could be found at all, which by the same token isn't very often jist now, as we used to take our dinners in ould Ireland."

At this point the action of the Apache attracted my notice. His head was slightly inclined forward, as though in the attitude of intense listening. It instantly occurred to me, that I and Pat had been blindly imprudent in allowing ourselves to be thrown off the guard again, after the incident that had occurred. I rose to my feet and looked carefully in every direction. My head rose just above the snow-walls,

and on every hand the white plain stretched away like a spotless shroud. Whatever was the cause of the singular action of the Apache, I was satisfied there were none of his companions in the vicinity to assist him or harm us. Shortly after, Pat, not having noticed this appearance of the savage, arose and replenished the fire, doing which he passed close to him. As he did so the dark eyes of the Indian were fixed upon him with a most curious expression, whether of implacable malignity, simple surprise, or admiration, I could not tell.

"Yes," said Pat, resuming his seat and current of conversation at the same time, "there's no hope for a bein' that is sunk so low as not to understand the word whisky when he hears it."

"Perhaps, understanding it, he does not choose to let you know it."

"The thing can't be thought of, as the Paddy said, when he got his head broke. No mortal man hearing and understanding that same word, could resist smacking his chops at mention of it, and the owld haythen there didn't wink when I said it in my most dulcet tones. By the powers, but he's well built!" added Pat, abruptly, with a shake of his head.

"A splendid man, beyond all question."

"What a purty figure he'd make at a fair or wake! Begorra! but he'd lay out them legs of his in a manner that would make all the lasses fall in love with him. What a head, too, on them shoublers! same as if it was gotten up on purpose to be cracked by a shillaleh. S'pose I try the feeling of it?" remarked my friend, glancing wishfully at the Apache and then doubtfully at me.

"I wouldn't try it at present, at any rate."

"And why not?"

"It would be cruelty and"——

"But I'd do it out of the purest friendship, 'as O'Flagherty said, when he killed the rint collector."

"A kindness that he would not appreciate. Do not forget, Pat, besides being your prisoner, he is wounded, and unable to defend himself."

"Begorra, but I kapes forgetting that intirely I wouldn't disgrace my ancestors by doing such a thing. The dukes, duchesses, and princes that I descends from would blush to observe Pat Ryan demeaning himself in such a manner. I always thinks of my ancestors, when I gits a scheme in my head—I always thinks of my illustrious ancestors, and they are like guardian angels to me, as Mulligan used to say of the musketies, they kapes my eyes open."

"You speak as if you were of royal descent."

"Show me the man that disputes that!" demanded Pat, flaring up. "The name of Ryan is a royal one, and if the family had their rights, instid of being out here on the peraries, without a drop of whisky, I'd be attinling the coorts of England, but we can't expect justice in this world, as the prisoner said, between his sobs, when they transported him for murdering a family. No, we can't expect justice, and I've made up my mind to bear it without a murmur. The divil take the aristocrats!"

"A wise resolution, that will avail you more than could my fault finding."

"I'd like to have some private conversation with that red gentleman, to inquire into his family matters, if he wouln't 'bjeet, and I could spake his language."

"Try the language of signs."

"Be the powers, I'll do the same."

Without further ado, he crossed over to the Indian and seated himself beside him. The savage merely glanced at him, and appeared to take it as a matter of course. Had I the space, I could not describe the "signs" that the ardent Irishman went through. He gesticulated with every part of his person that he could possibly use—head, mouth, eyes, arms and legs—until the Indian must have concluded him either a fool, or crazy, or both. Sometimes Pat grew theatrical in his manner, rolling his eyes, starting suddenly as if taken with a violent pain, and gazing impressively at his dumb auditor. Then he exaggerated his motions and attitudes, opening and shutting his mouth, like an enormous clam, and moving his arms, as if keep-

ing time to some dead march, that was being played in the distance; and again he grew furious that he was not comprehended, and threatened to dislocate his limbs in his frenzied attempts to make himself understood.

Inasmuch as I, by the closest attention, could not get the remotest suspicion of the meaning of a single sign of Pat's, it is hardly to be supposed that they were any more lucid to the Apache. As they were, they would have amused a dumb beast, and immovable and stoical as he was under other circumstances, the savage more than once grinned decidedly and emphatically. Seeing this, Pat took it as an evidence that he was fully understood, and grew facetious, laughing, winking, and nodding his head in a knowing manner, and once or twice he went so far as to poke the Indian in his ribs. The latter infringing too much upon his dignity, he moved out of his reach.

"What success do you imagine you have had?" I asked, as he desisted from his efforts.

"Intire success; it's a beautiful language, that language of signs, and I impressed him."

"Do you think he understood you?"

"He couldn't have helped it if he had tried, but I thinks he pertended he didn't; a piece of diplomacy on his part, as we used to say at home."

"Didn't he make any reply to you?"

"Didn't you see him grinning the most expressive grin that he could call up on his purty countenance?"

"I observed that, but supposed it meant nothing more than mere amusement at the part that you were playing."

"Divil a bit of it. He's too great a respect for me; it signified that he understood me, but you bein' by, he wouldn't let on jist then. He's a wide awake ould dog."

"No doubt of it; but it cannot be far from morning."

Both of us arose and examined the sky as we spoke, but as yet could discern nothing of the approaching day, but I was certain it would soon begin to grow light. The adventure which I have given in the previous chapter did not occur till late in the night, and several hours had elapsed since. The Apache still remained immovable and

unconcerned, now and then turning his dark, snake-like eyes upon us, and regarding us with an expression which it is impossible to describe, save by comparing it to that which a cat sometimes gives to a large animal when expecting an attack from it. It combined that look of cunning apprehension and malignity, which tells as plain as words could tell, that in any case, it would be a dangerous proceeding to attack him.

A half hour later, a dull, grey light appeared in the east, and in due time the day, cold and cheerless, broke upon us. Our first proceeding was to partake of breakfast, in which, of course, we urged the Apache to participate, but he refused as positively as before. The meal finished, we were ready to start.

"Pat, what is to be done with the Indian?" I asked, when we were ready to mount.

"Let him go, as the man said when he couldn't catch the hare."

"You have no fear in doing this?"

"Not a great deal, as I've a s'picion that augur-hole in his back will give him the back-ache for a few days, especially if he undertakes to throw the lasso in his usual style."

"It strikes me that there will be more danger in keeping him than in letting him go. If evil-disposed, he will be more likely to have the opportunity while with us than otherwise. In case we let him go, it can but impress him favorably with us."

"It's let him go, is it?"

"Give him his rifle. As he has a much more favorable opinion of you than he has of me, it will be best for you to go through the ceremony."

While this conversation was going on, the subject of it was standing with folded arms, as though contemplating the broad country before him. His horse, upon seeing him rise, approached, and stood beside him, and the two formed a striking picture. As I made the last remark, Pat vaulted into his saddle, and riding toward the Apache, gracefully handed the rifle to him. The Indian took it,

and, without any assistance, mounted his beast, and looked round as if waiting for guidance. Pat instantly rode out a hundred yards or so upon the prairie, and motioned for him to follow. When they were side by side, the Irishman, pointed to the westward, (in which direction they had been riding,) and signified to the Apache that he was free to go whither he chose. His signs were such that the savage could not mistake them. Pat turned to rejoin me. But to our surprise, instead of availing himself of this offer, he wheeled his horse, and likewise rode toward me. Thinking that it might be he had not been understood, Pat halted, and went through the pantomime more vigorously than before, but the Apache, with a shake of his head, refused to go, and when my friend came back to me, the Indian was behind him.

"He must have an affection for me," said Pat, "far, by the powers, I can't git rid of him. I wonder now if he doesn't take me for his lost brother? What's to be done!"

"Let him go with us, I suppose. We can't drive him away if he is determined to remain with us. Hold still a moment, perhaps we can engage him to accompany us to Santa Fe."

I rode up before him, and repeated the name Santa Fe several times, signifying by signs that we wished to go thither. After a while he seemed to understand me, and nodded his head so industriously that I believed he had consented to act as our guide in going to that place.

"He may be the very man we wish," said I, "Apache, as he undoubtedly is, he must understand everything about this country, and can guide us with unerring certainty, to our destination. I think he feels grateful for our kindness."

"Begorrah, he ought to be thankful for the little favor I done him jist."

"He doesn't hate you, at any rate. We have treated him, while he has been with us, with all possible consideration, and he could but notice that we cherished no ill-will toward him. We have spared his life, and I believe, he wishes to show that he can remember a favor as well

as an injury. I shall be glad to have him accompany us."

"So shall I, for his wit and beauty will be highly divartin'."

Accordingly we rode away, the Apache accompanying us.

This day was one of the most wretched I ever experienced. A warm, copious rain set in shortly after we resumed our journey, and continued without intermission until nightfall. It shot straight downward, the drops large, and probably from the reflection of the snow, were invisible. The top of the snow soon went down to within several inches of the ground, when a brittle crust was formed upon the surface, which broke like thin ice beneath our horses' feet. This went off so rapidly that by the middle of the afternoon, it was only visible in small patches scattered here and there over the prairie, and by dusk not a particle could be seen. In its place was water, forming little ponds in the hollows, and rendering the ground so spongy and yielding that our animals labored over it as if it had been snow. Their sides were steamy and warm, and their breath issued like vapor from their nostrils, while we, at least Pat and myself, were as miserable as we could be.

Through the forenoon, Pat jested to his Apache friend upon our flight, but as his jokes were not understood, he soon tired of this, and relapsed into a sullen silence, which was hardly broken until we reined up for the night. When the sun went down, the rain ceased, and it became colder. The few sticks that we could find were so water-soaked that it would have taken a furnace to light them, and in all the varied experience which has been my lot, I doubt whether I ever spent a more positively uncomfortable night than was this one.

In addition to our physical discomforts, I still felt unsatisfied in regard to the Apache. More than once through that long, gloomy night, I regretted his presence among us, and experienced a sort of presentiment that evil would result from it. Treachery was a characteristic of

his race, and with the implacable hatred which the tribe bore the whites, it was supposing too much to imagine him transformed into a friend in so short a time. But how were we to get rid of him? He had refused to leave us, and we could not compel him to do so. Were we sufficiently watchful, he could not lead us into any trap, and badly wounded as he was, we two armed men should have little to fear of him.

On the other hand, I could but think at times it was possible I was doing him great injustice. He might be actuated by the most honorable feelings and befriending us, instead of plotting our destruction. I recalled to mind the many instances I had heard of wild Indians perilling their lives to save those who, generally their enemies, had once acted the part of a friend to them. The result of all this was to keep me in that harassing state of doubt and uncertainty to which the absolute assurance that he was our enemy would have been a relief.

But every night must have an end, and this seemingly interminable one at length was succeeded by morning. The air was keenly cold but without the least wind, the ground hard and frozen, and the little ponds which had accumulated the day before, shrunk away to a few webs and needles of ice. I noticed now what had escaped my observation before. Along the south, in a direction parallel with our course, stretched a line of broken hills, covered here and there with a sparse vegetation, which, at this advanced season of the year, made the prospect only the more dismal and desolate. Game of all kinds was plenty along the base of these, and in the absence of fire, I am not ashamed to confess, it was relished hardly the less for not being cooked. The Apache made ample amends for his abstinence, and fortified himself against starvation for week at least.

I judged the snow storm to have been a local one, as no signs were found of its having raged in this vicinity, and our horses were not troubled to procure all the forage they needed. Our course, as near as I could tell, was exactly southwest. The Indian, understanding our wishes, took

upon him the duty of guiling us. He rode a few yards in advance, never once looking behind to see whether he was followed, but taking it for granted that we placed implicit trust in him. On conversing with Pat, I experienced a little uneasiness to see that such at least was the case with him. From being the most suspicious at first, he had become the most credulous, and could not be made to believe that the Apache was otherwise than the truest companion we could have.

"Begorrah, and what good could it do him to sarve us a mane trick?"

"I do not say that he intends to do any such a thing, but we must be on our guard against it. You have learned little of the Indian race, Pat, if you have not learned that they are proverbially a treacherous one. With the pain of your wound still rankling in his body, it will be hard for him to feel the greatest kindness for you. He may be faithful, but it cannot injure you in the least to be prepared for treachery."

"That I ginerally am, when it comes upon me unawares like—but what is the matther with the ould laythen now?"

The Apache had reined up his horse, and was gazing steadily and earnestly ahead of him, as though something unexpected had caught his eye. Riding up beside him, and following the direction in which he was looking, I noticed that a spur of the hills, to which I have referred, jutted out in such a manner that we should be compelled to cross them, or deviate to the northward. It was these that had arrested the attention of our Indian guide. As we looked inquiringly toward him, he raised his hand, and pointing toward them, said, in a sententious voice:

"Injin there!"

These words, as the reader may well suppose startled us, not so much from the fact that they were the first the Apache had uttered since being with us, but from their unmistakeable import, although the former seemed to impress Pat.

"But didn't I tell you he understood English? He's been foolin' us all the time!"

"He may be able to speak a few words, but that is all. Never mind that now, for he says danger threatens us, and we must prepare to meet it."

"How does he know Injins are in them hills? My eyes are as good as them black ones of his, and I can't see any."

"Signs which would escape you and me, are unerring indications to him."

"Two—tree—good much—want scalp!"

"That's elegant language, which it delights my soul to hear! Why don't they come out, and get them, then, Apache?" shouted Pat, but the question, not being understood, received no answer.

"Where are the Indians?" I asked.

The guide answered by pointing directly before us, so that it only remained for us to turn enough to the left of the hills to avoid them altogether.

"We go this way, then," said I, starting my horse in that course; but he shook his head instantly, and spoke as quick as lightning.

"No go—stay—go look!"

"He means he will go and take an observation first, like a sensible man that he is."

Such, it was soon evident, was the intention of the Indian; for, motioning us to remain where we were, he rode slowly forward, approaching the hills with great care and caution. He had gone but a few yards, when Pat said—"Bedad, but I goes with him!" and, before I could interfere, he was beside the Apache. The latter looked at him as he came up, and seemed pleased with his company, and the two rode on together.

I witnessed this proceeding with some misgiving, for the manner of the Apache had something about it that I could not understand; and the idea of Pat accompanying him by a reconnoissance struck me as more daring than prudent. With a beating heart I watched the two as they approached the hills.

The ridge which had attracted the attention of the Indian was distant from me about a quarter of a mile. What it was his eagle eye had discerned, beyond the mere fact that this was a locality which would naturally be chosen by enemies to cut us off, I could not imagine; and I was pretty certain that this alone was the cause which had awakened his apprehension. Such being the case, it was as probable that the ridge was free from enemies, as it was that there were any there.

The Apache and Pat rode slowly but steadily forward, and when they halted, were so high the ridge that a concealed marksman could have picked off both. From this I judged the former had ascertained that he had no cause for fear; and taking courage from this I rode ahead until I saw them pause. The Irishman was gesticulating earnestly, as though remonstrating with the Indian; but the end of it was that the former remained, with his horse standing, while the latter rode over the ridge and disappeared.

Some ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, when the Apache reappeared, riding leisurely as before. As soon as he rejoined Pat, instead of beckoning me to go to them, they wheeled around, and commenced riding on a walk toward me. Much puzzled to understand the meaning of this, I started to meet them, when I saw the Apache raise his hand over his head, and make some sign. Instantly after four Indians appeared on the ridge, and ran lightly toward them.

I understood the treacherous act at once, and shouted to Pat to strike his horse into a gallop; but he could not understand my words, and remained all unconscious of the peril. Still shouting, I struck my own horse into a gallop, and raised my rifle with the intention of shooting the Apache, when a dozen more rushed down the slope, discharged their guns at me, and closed around Pat. I saw him club his gun, and cry about him, and, in the next instant, fall from his horse into the hands of his cowardly assailants.

It was all done in the space of a minute or two. The

was either killed, or a helpless prisoner; and several of the savages, equally anxious to obtain me, ran out upon the prairie for that purpose. They were just near enough to afford me a good aim, and I took it, firing it point blank at the foremost, and stretching him lifeless upon the ground. I then wheeled my horse, and in a few minutes he carried me beyond all danger.

Making a circuit to the northward, I gave the ridge a wide berth, and continued my course in a southeast direction. No doubt the Apache's intention had been to lead us both into an ambush, but the Irishman's recklessness had saved me. When he said "Injin there!" he knew he spoke the truth, and he had an object in doing it. He was well aware that he was subject to suspicion, and took this means of removing it. He had succeeded only too well.

Poor Pat Ryan! How I missed his genial humor and pleasant words; how lonely I now felt without this faithful companion, and how much I regretted the short-sightedness of both in trusting the Indian as we did. But it was useless to repine. I was discouraged, but not disheartened; and, with a resolution to press onward, I continued on a brisk ride until nightfall.

I have not space to tell my days of wandering on the prairies. I sometimes journeyed over bleak and barren plains, then through wild mountains and hills, half chilled by the driving snow and sleet, scarcely sleeping at night, from fear of the Indians, who repeatedly got upon my trail. But my matchless horse carried me safely beyond all, and I succeeded in accomplishing what nothing in the world would induce me to attempt even at this late day.

I made the entire journey to Santa Fe alone, arriving there in the dead of winter. After getting through the Zuni mountains, it is true, the undertaking was attended with little danger, but up to that point I may be said to have held my life in my hands.

CHAPTER V.

SANTA FE--THE EXPEDITION TO THE APACHES.

Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, is one of the most interesting towns in the South-West. It stands upon a plateau, more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and beside a mountain which rises nearly a mile further, and whose summit is ever crowned with snow. The houses are built of *adobes*, or sun burnt bricks, each dwelling forming a square, with a court in the centre, upon which the apartments open. This custom, which originally prevailed among the Moors, makes each house a sort of fort, as was demonstrated at the siege of Monterey, in the Mexican war. The place is supplied with the finest water in the world, by means of *azequis*, or little canals, leading from springs in the mountain, and within the limits of the town. The latter stands upon both sides of the *Rio Chicito*, or Santa Fe River, an affluent of the Rio Grande, from which it is distant about twenty miles.

The streets of Santa Fe are very irregular, but the plaza can be reached by several avenues. The population numbers about five thousand, and a more depraved and vicious set the world never saw. Murders, assaults, and crimes of all kinds, are so common as to excite hardly surprise or remark. Gambling is practised by every class, women included. *Monte* is the favorite game, and every day and evening, countless fortunes are lost and won in that New Mexican town. I have seen the *senoritas* dashing gracefully through the streets on horseback, with the most costly and fashionable dresses the place can afford, and which are unsurpassed in any of our own cities, the prices of which would make a millionaire wince. But these are generally the worst class of people, who are not ashamed to flaunt their vices in the face of all the inhabitants.

This town is the grand commercial emporium of the interior of the North American continent, and its trade diverges to every point of the compass. The majority of the merchants are Americans, who launch into all manner of enterprises, gaining and losing fortunes as readily as the players of *monte* around them. Some of the stores are as fine as I ever witnessed in any of our own cities.

On a hill near the town stands the ruins of Fort Marcy, which was used by the American volunteers, in 1846, when the country was conquered. The place is supplied with good boarding-houses and one fine hotel, which is the rendezvous of the whole town. It was here I remained, and it was here the commanding general of the military department of New Mexico and his staff made their headquarters.

Santa Fe is provided with a Roman Catholic church, and, at the time of my visit, efforts were being made by other denominations to gain a foothold among the people, but only with indifferent success, as by far the larger part lean toward that church.

The houses in Santa Fe, as is generally the case in all Mexican towns, are rarely more than one story in height, and can lay little or no claim to any beauty of architecture. Near the plaza of the town they stand closely together, but on the outskirts are scattered, and the streets, as I have before hinted, are as irregular as they could have been made, by the most consummate art.

There is a peculiarity about the Spanish Mexicans, which has always been a problem to me. As a race they are the veriest poltroons, afraid of any foe that has anything like an equal advantage, and as full of treachery as the most villainous Indians. Yet, while they are thus cowardly, they will meet death with as much calmness and composure as the scarred veteran of a hundred battles. More than one Mexican doomed to the halter, has enjoyed his cigaritto, until the very second the rope deprived him of that ability, and I have seen culprits talk and laugh with no feigned pleasure, while conscious that they were standing upon the very brink of eternity. They are a

passionate, fiery-tempered race, with whom a true man can never feel at ease, or associate on anything like equal terms.

I remained in Santa Fe more than two months, during which time I rambled over the place again and again, and sought out such companions as I deemed I should need upon my contemplated expedition. I had become convinced a long time since that it was a Quixotic undertaking to search any further for Kendall and his sister, when my entire attention was necessary to keep myself from sharing his fate with him. So I determined to enter the enemy's country with a force upon which I could place reliance. My plan was to collect ten hardy hunters, fellows who had been in Indian fights, to pay them liberally, and to march to the principal Apache village, where I would offer to ransom my friends. In case this was refused or the ransom demanded was more than I could give, we would make a dash in the village and bring them off by force, if such a thing were possible.

It was not until spring that my company was collected, but in April I had my ten men all finely armed and splendidly mounted, and ready to follow me where I dare go. I gave each a hundred dollars, for which he took an oath to do his utmost toward rescuing my friends, and to be guided in everything by my wishes. Although nominally the leader, I was not so in fact. Every man knew far more of Indian life and custom than I, and was better qualified to command such a set of men. For one, therefore, to assume arbitrary control of such spirits was a task which I had no desire to undertake. It was my intention to consult with the most experienced hunters, they agreeing never to do anything to which I was opposed.

The first person I engaged was Uriah Gale, a man over six feet in height, yet weighing but one hundred and twenty pounds. He was all nerves, bone and muscles, quick, lithe and powerful, and one who, as he expressed it, hated only the devil, Mexicans and Indians. He had been all through the war with Mexico, and bore as a me-

ments to his conflicts, a long scar across the entire side of his face, and another in his shoulder, made by an ounce of ball, with which it had been bored. He was about forty years of age, with stiff, grizzly hair, a close shaven face, a sharp, thin, Roman nose, and a cold, grey eye. He it was who, in point of fact, was the leader of the party, and it was he who selected the others. He took them as they came into Santa Fe during the winter, from their hunts and from the States. All were old acquaintances of his, in whom he had confidence, and who gladly enlisted. There was an air of quiet, unassuming determination about this man, which satisfied me at once that he would do all for me that it was possible for a man to do. His lips were thin and compressed, his eyebrows short and heavy, while the impression he instantly made was that of a man who never trifled. I was satisfied that my cause was safe in his hands.

Gale was from Arkansas, and had been a trapper previous to the Mexican war, since which time he had acted as guide to several overland trains from the States. He spoke but little, but what he said was to the point, and needed no explanation. On a morning in April, ere it was fairly light, he came to me and said—

“Well, Captain Marewold, we are ready.”

“Have you the entire number?”

“Every one.”

“Are you prepared to march to-day?”

“This minute.”

“That is rather more than I anticipated, and more than I am ready for. Call again in an hour, and I will not keep you waiting.”

At the very minute the hour was up, and just as I had mounted my horse, Gale, and his nine companions came down the street on a canter.

“Is there nothing left behind?” I asked of him, as he rode up.

“Nothing. Are you ready yourself?”

“I am, I believe.”

“We will march then.”

"What direction do you take?"

"To the Zuni mountains. Passing through those, several days will bring us to the Apache country."

"Your men, I presume, are all prepared for this expedition?" I remarked, half inquiringly.

"It isn't the first time, Captain, that they have seen Indians," he replied, in a significant manner.

"I see you have the whisky and tobacco with you?"

"Nothing is forgotten. Let us start."

I have hinted my intention of offering a ransom for my friends. In addition to the money which I carried for this purpose, I had purchased a large quantity of liquors and tobacco—enough to ransom several ordinary prisoners.

Over an area numbering hundreds and hundreds of square miles, were constantly roving these marauding bands, and it was more than probable that we would have an encounter with them before our journey's end. We were fully prepared for it, each man being furnished with a revolver, in addition to his rifle and knife. Two watchful pickets stood sentinel each night, while the others lay down, and through the day every man was as vigilant as though the safety of the entire party rested in his hands. After leaving the trail, our route led us through one of the wildest and most mountainous tracts of country I ever saw.

The Apaches, as has been remarked, has occasioned our government as much trouble as the Seminoles of Florida. Previous, and at the time of our expedition, they were at war with the whites, and in spite of the gigantic efforts made to put them down, they are as high-handed and as formidable at this day. Their most famous chief was the one known by the Mexicans as *Chico Velasquez*, whose name for years has been a terror in New Mexico.

Gale was well aware of the character of the enemy with which we had to deal, and acquainted me with what I have given as we rode along. In going through the hills we came upon the trails of the Apaches and other tribes again and again, and three times on the same days exchanged shots with companies of them. Gale himself, who at one time

was several rods in advance, was fired upon by two Indians, one of whom pierced his clothes. However, we finally got through these dangerous mountains without any loss to our party.

CHAPTER VI.

THE APACHES.

We had ridden but a few miles in the more open country, when we detected a mounted Indian in the distance, who, upon discovering us, instantly took to flight. Gale gave the order to pursue him, and after a hot chase of five or six miles we overhauled him and made him a prisoner. Upon examining his equipments we found four scalps hanging at his waist, and one of these was *white*! I confess the sight of this bloody trophy filled me with the most painful apprehension of the fate of Kendall and Enola. Up to this time it had hardly occurred to me that one or both of them, instead of being a prisoner, might have been slain and scalped a long time. Gale was not the man to deceive me, and he said it was very probable that Kendall had been tomahawked, though the probability was that his sister had been reserved, the Indians well knowing that a heavy ransom would be offered in time for her by her friends.

The Indian prisoner, when taken, was sullen, and resolutely refused for a time to answer my question, but Gale soon brought him to terms. Cocking his revolver (which dreaded instrument was well known to the Indians) he placed it at his breast, and demanded in the Apache tongue:

“Who are you?”

“An Apache,” answered the Indian, readily enough.

“What are you doing in these parts?”

“My people roam all over,” replied the savage, not without some haughtiness.

"And a d—d sight more than is best for them. Where are you from?"

"Yonder," pointing to the south.

"How far off is your village?"

The savage hesitated and looked at the horsemen drawn up around him. He was not a man to conduct an enemy to his own fireside. Gale repeated the question, adding his object in going thither, but the Apache's lips remained hermetically sealed upon that subject at least.

"There's no use of asking him that," said Gale, turning toward me. "He'd be scalped, burnt, and kicked before he'd tell us where his village is. He has given us the direction, however, which is due south, and four or five day's more ride will bring us to it. Say, my fine gentleman, have you any prisoners—white ones—in your tribe?"

"Great many," replied the savage, with the same haughtiness of manner.

"Pretty likely, I suppose. Any women?"

"Great many women."

"Likely, too. Do you treat them well?"

"Treat them well—very good."

"Not quite so likely. Have you brother and sister in your tribe, both good-looking?"

"Yes, good many brothers and sisters."

"These two were taken last fall, up near California. Have you such a couple?"

"Yes, we have them," answered the Apache, with great readiness.

These questions and answers were translated to me by one of the men as they were uttered. At the last reply of the Apache it may well be supposed my face lit up with joy, seeing which, Gale hastened to say:

"Don't be too hopeful, Captain. It is more than probable the cuss is lyin' hand over hand to us. There may be a dozen brothers and sisters among them, and yet not any be the ones you are seeking. I will ask him some more questions. What are you going to do with your prisoners?"

"Don't know. Guess they will wait till their friends buy them."

"That sounds better, but it may be a lie for all that. How long will it take us to get where we can buy our friends?"

But the savage was too cunning to be caught in this manner. He closed his lips more firmly than ever and snook his head from side to side. Gale, with a laugh at his failure to take him off his guard, said:

"He's no fool, after all. What shall we do with him, boys?"

"Kill the villain!" repeated several.

"There is no need of hurting him, is there, Captain?"

"The object of this expedition is not murder, I believe; and if you are through with the Indian, you have only to let him go in peace."

"I s'pose he'd let any one go in peace if he got his hands upon them, by the way them scalps look," said one of the men who had expressed a desire to slay him.

"They may have been taken in honorable warfare."

"D——d honorable I should think it must be, if an Apache were engaged in it."

"Enough said—back there," interposed Gale. "No one but a coward will kill a prisoner. Captain, is there anything more you would like me to ask the fellow?"

"You seem to doubt whether he has told the truth about the two friends I am seeking. Cannot you get the truth out of him, or, at any rate, detect the falsehood by questioning him close?"

Gale wheeled around to the Apache, and demanded, in fierce tones—

"What kind of a looking man is the one you took last spring?"

The Indian was taken aback, but upon the question being explained and modified, so that he understood it, he said—

"Good looking—tall—black hair on his face."

"That is he! that is he! that is he!" I cried, as the reply was translated.

"Look behind you, Captain," said Gale, "and see how many will answer to that description."

I did so, and my hopes fell considerably, when it was manifest that out of the nine men, six, at the least calculation, were good-looking, tall, and had whiskers.

"You see," added Gale, "that the rascal may be speaking the truth, and yet not refer to your friend, although he would have us believe that he does. Then turning to the Indian, he asked—

"When was it you took this man?"

"Long ago, before the snow fell upon the prairie."

"Were he and his sister together at the time?"

"Together in the mountains."

"Were they captured by the Apaches, or by another tribe, and sold to them?"

"They were sold to the Apaches by another tribe, and brought here."

"That sounds reasonable," said Gale, speaking in English.

"Were they alone at the time they fell into the hands of their captors?"

"Suppose so—don't know, though, for certain."

"Were they on foot?"

("That question will satisfy one," said Gale. "He can't answer that rightly, unless he knows the truth.")

The Apache hesitated a moment, as if his memory was running back "over the shadowy past," and replied—

"They had one horse between them!"

"He has spoken the truth," said Gale. "This Mr. Kendall and his sister are both prisoners, in the hands of the Apaches."

"We are losing time, then, by waiting," I replied, feeling a burning impatience to press forward.

"Very true. Come, old Apache, you can travel now."

So saying, Gale turned the head of the Indian's horse from him, and motioned him to take himself off; but like the one to whom I have before referred, he seemed unwilling, and still lingered.

"What the devil does he want?" asked Gale, in perplexity.

"*Whisky!*" replied the Apache, in a voice that would have moved a stone. We all looked in each others faces with a half smile, and finally centered our gaze upon Gale, who said, "we can't take the trouble to take the bungs out of them two casks, so I'll just tell him it's no use. No, you can't have any," he added, turning toward the Indian.

"Tobac, then, please—poor Injin—lie—poor Injin."

This was said in English, and, as we had plenty of the weed, Gale gave him a handful, which he took eagerly, crammed into his mouth greedily, and chewed voraciously.

When he had received the tobacco, the Apache made off and in a short time disappeared in the distance. We rode due south, over an uneven and sometimes mountainous country, our horses, most of the time, on a brisk canter.

"A couple of days more," said Gale, in answer to an observation of mine, "will bring us to the Apache village, and if they take it into their heads to be obstinate, there will be the devil to pay. Likely enough, they will try and keep us in their vicinity until night, believing we will encamp, and afford them a chance to rush in and scalp us all. We must appear before their village early in the forenoon; and if they don't come to terms several hours before dark, we will make a charge through the village, and do some hair raising. What do you say, boys?"

A cheer was the response.

"Well, well, keep up a good heart, we shall soon be there. Keep a good lookout you men behind there."

The ground over which we were journeying, now assumed more of the prairie character, and we went along at a sweeping gallop until nightfall, when we encamped upon a small stream on the open plain. Three sentinels remained on duty through the night, but no alarm occurred, and at the first glimmering of light in the east, we were in our saddles, and on the gallop again.

As we remounted our animals, I said to Gale:

"From this point, Gale, you understand that you have exclusive command of these men."

"Haven't I had exclusive control all the time?" he asked, with a smile.

"Pretty much, that is true, but I wish you to know that I shall not interfere, leaving everything to your judgment."

"That being the case, halt!" cried Gale.

The men did so instantly.

"Remain here, while I ride to the ridge yonder, and take observations," said our leader. He rode part way up the summit, dismounted, and stealthily crept the rest of the way. We saw him peer over for a few moments, and then he turned his face toward us, and motioned for us to advance. We instantly struck into a canter, and as we came up he met us at the base.

"Captain and boys," said he, with a sparkle of his cold gray eye, "the Apache village for which we are hunting, is in full sight, and only half a mile distant."

CHAPTER VII.

This information did not take the men by surprise, as they had expected it from the proceedings of Gale. We rode over the ridge, and on the summit paused and took a survey of the Apache village. As our leader had stated, it was about a half mile distant, standing in an open plain and in full view. As these Apaches lead a migrating life, and are constantly changing the location of their villages, their lodges are necessarily of a temporary character. The village itself was very extensive for an Indian one, numbering over one hundred wigwams, and from where we stood, we could see that it was full of people, who were aware of our approach, and prepared to receive us.

"We can't take them by surprise," said Gale, "for they saw us long before we saw them."

"How was that?"

"They are too infernally cunning to be caught napping. Their runners and scouts are out all the time, and that fellow that we caught and let go, has travelled night and day, to let them know we are coming. No body of men

can come upon them unawares, unless they travel all the time."

We descended the ridge, and rode toward the village on a slow walk. As we approached nigher and nigher, we saw some forty or fifty horsemen collected at that portion of the village, which was threatened, and drew up ready to receive us. Their gaily trappings and dress, comprehending the most brilliant colors, flashed in the sunlight and they formed as imposing a body of men as I ever witnessed.

"A splendid looking set," said Gale, in an undertone "and they would fight like furies, too."

"Perhaps they will not wait for us to make the charge but anticipate it, and charge upon us."

"I only hope they will, but there is little danger."

We continued approaching on the same cautious walk until within a couple of hundred yards, when Gale ordered us in a low tone to halt.

"Captain, you and Tom will accompany me to hold parley with them," said he, speaking in the same low tones. "We must leave our arms behind, and carry a flag of truce to protect us."

We three handed our rifles and revolvers over to our companions, and Gale produced a white handkerchief which he held in his right hand.

"Boys," said he, in a lower voice than before, and with the handkerchief fluttering in his face, "there's nothing telling what will happen. Keep a watch upon us, and if you see me raise this rag over my head, sail in, and we'll die kicking in glorious style."

"Aye, aye," responded the others, and we three rode away together.

Gale held the white handkerchief streaming above him, and advancing half way to the Apache horsemen, bided for them to meet him. In a moment, three of them also leaving their arms behind, rode forward and greeted us half way. Gale smiled significantly as he recognized in one of the three, the Apache to whom we had presented the tobacco a few days before. He remained in the back-

ground, however, while one of his companions advanced to hold a "confab" with Gale. Tom translated each question and reply as it was uttered. It struck us as rather curious that the first query was from the Indian, and was expressed thus laconically :

"What do you want?"

"We came to ransom two prisoners which you hold."

"What two are they?"

"A man named Kendall, and his sister. Are they in your possession?"

"The Apaches have many prisoners," said the savage, with a grandiloquent air.

"We know that, and for that reason came to you."

"What ransom do you offer?"

"What do ask?"

"I have not the right to reply. Tell me what you will give, and I will carry the answer back to our chief, and he will tell me what to say to you."

"For the female, then, we offer a hundred pounds of tobacco. Carry that to your chief."

"There is no need of telling him that, for he will require a much larger amount."

"If you know what will *not* answer you ought to be able to tell what *will*."

The Indian shook his head, and Gale added:

"We then offer for the girl, a cask of the best Santa Fe whisky, which is all that we can give."

The Apache spokesman hesitated a moment, and then wheeled and cantered back to his companions, where he remained for the space of ten or fifteen minutes, when he returned to us.

"The chief desires you to approach him, that he may speak with you."

"That can't be done. He must either come himself or let you act in his stead."

"We cannot talk with you then."

"But, I'll be——— if you *musn't*."

The Apache looked surprised, as if he did not comprehend the meaning of this forcible declaration.

"There is no need of fooling about it," added Gale. "If you will not arrange the matter with us, we will go to the hill, and signal for the rest to come up, and there'll be a row in that village of yours in pretty short order."

This impudent threat had some effect upon the savage, although it was scarcely to be expected that he was completely deceived.

"I will tell the chief to come up and talk with you," said the Indian, turning and riding away again. In a few moments he returned, accompanied by a heavy set, dark-looking Indian, whose face bore an expression as malignant as a fiend's. He had advanced but half the distance between us and the main body, when Gale said to me:

"As true as I live that's *Chico Velasques*, their principal chief."

"What do you want of me?" demanded that personage in a haughty voice.

"Two prisoners that you have in your possession."

"We hold many. What are the names of these two?"

"Kendall; they were captured last autumn near Eastern California."

"We haven't any such with us."

"It's a lie; you have, and I will have them!"

The face of *Chico Velasques* turned as black as a thunder-cloud, and in a voice harsher than before, he asked:

"How will you get them?"

"Take them, you copper-colored thief, or——"

A shrill whoop burst from the throat of the Apache chief, and as quick as lightning his horsemen moved to join him. Without the least hesitation or tremor, Gale swung his handkerchief above his head, and the next instant our boys were thundering toward us. The chief gave a whistle, and his men paused. Gale waved his hand, and ours did the same. And these two bodies of horsemen, one numbering more than four times as many as the other, confronted each other with heaving breasts, flashing eyes, and defiant faces, only waiting the signal from their respective leaders to close together with the shock of the thunder-bolt, and commence the struggle of life and death.

"Old chief, I've seen you before; and my men have met and whipped Apaches before, and are ready to do it again, if you'll accommodate them. What do you say, is it fight or business?"

"What ransom do you offer for the girl?" he asked, with an unmoved countenance.

"A cask of whisky, one hundred pounds of tobacco, and a hundred dollars in gold, and not a farthing more."

"I must have time to think. Encamp here until tomorrow morning, and then——"

"No, sir; we don't do any such thing. You can decide one way or other at once."

"It is not enough."

"Very well; you refuse then, do you?"

"Bring the articles and let me examine them."

"Gale," said I, "if they refuse that ransom offer more, offer everything," I added impetuously; "*Eaola must be taken from them.*"

"Keep cool, captain, don't get excited. I will manage that. If this bait don't take I'll offer more, but this will fetch her, I think. Just return, if you please, and send one of the men along with the whisky and tobacco, for if you remain here, matters may get mixed up, in which case you will only be in the way."

I saw that he really wished to be rid of me, and so I rode back to our men, and directed one of them to carry the articles in question to our leader.

This was done, and the parley between Chico Velasques and Gale, was resumed. A look and taste of the large bundle of tobacco, satisfied the chief that it was "all right." Gale then produced and chinked the gold before him, and gave him one draught of the very whiskey. This latter proceeding settled the question at once. It awoke that slumbering, burning thirst for the liquor which seems natural to the breast of every savage.

"He accepts the ransom," said Gale, as I came up, "but wishes up to wait until the morning, before he gives the girl up."

"Are you going to do so?"

"I rather guess not," said my leader. Then turning toward the savage, he said :

"My friend will not wait ; Le says she must be produced at once."

"But it is difficult to find her," replied the savage, determined to keep us on the ground over night.

"Let your young men hunt for her."

"When to morrow's sun appears——"

"See here," cried Gale, losing all patience, "you thieving old rascal, if that creature isn't here in a half hour, my men shall charge into yours, and to morrow we will bring up the rest, and burn your old village over your heads."

"They are looking for her," replied the chief, "and will soon be here."

And sure enough, a few minutes later, we saw an Indian out upon the prairie, near the opposite end of the village, holding what seemed to be a gaudily dressed squaw on the horse before him, and waiting for some signal from his chief. The preliminaries for the exchange were arranged with no little difficulty, it being finally decided that the Indian holding Enola, should advance so near to our horsemen that he could not escape, at which moment Gale would deliver the whisky, tobacco and gold over to Chico Velasquez. The intrepid fellow clung to the ransom until absolutely certain the captive was in the clutches of our own men, at which moment it was given to Chicago Velasques and his staff.

O what a tumult of excitement was there in my heart as I turned my horse's head and rode back to meet Enola ! How I longed to rush to her, and clasp her to me, but was held back by the presence of our men. I saw her sitting on one of the horses, held firmly, but kindly, in the powerful arms of one of the men, her head bent, and her dress fluttering in the wind. I scarcely saw her either, as I made my way to her, for my eyes were misty, and my mind bewildered. But when my horse halted, I found voice to speak.

"Enola !"

She raised her head as I spoke, when I recoiled in

blank dismay, for it was not Enola Kendall, but an *entire stranger* that I saw before me!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Gale, quick!" I shouted, "stop that chief! it's a trick! This is the wrong person! Don't let him go!"

"What the d—— is up now?" he demanded, stopping, puzzled and perplexed.

"Call that chief back! he has cheated you! This is not Enola Kendall, but an entire stranger they have palmed upon us!" I shouted, galloping up to him. Quick to perceive, and prompt to act, Gale wheeled around, and cantering toward Chico Velasques, who had not yet joined his men, called out to him in thundering tones to stop. The chief did so and looked around. Gale commanded him to return and resume the parley with him. Resigning the ransom to one of his companions, who disappeared among the Indian horsemen, he obeyed the summons with the haughtiness and condescension of a monarch. Gale bit his lip with fury, as he witnessed the trick, and his eyes flashed as he said, not in a loud voice, but in those low tones of his which were absolutely dreadful:

"Chico Velasques, you have cheated us! You have not returned the one for whom we are looking. You did it on purpose, and now I swear, if you fool us any longer, we'll ride through your village and murder every man, woman and child we can lay hands on!"

This was no idle bluster of Gale's, for his blood was up, and in that mood he would not have feared a thousand Apaches in their war paint. Chico Velasques answered—

"It was a mistake of my young men. The right one shall be returned to you, but you must ransom her besides."

"I won't either. We have bought her back, and she must be given up."

Whether it was really an intentional deception of the

chiefs, or whether it was a mistake which certainly could have occurred, of course we never knew, although Gale affirmed that it was only a trick to extort additional tribute from us. If such was the case, it was in a fair way to be defeated by the resolution of my leader, when a most unlooked-for obstacle occurred. The girl herself, who had been delivered up to us, and who, up to this moment, had been seated motionless and silent before one of our men, must have gained the import of our conversation. With a scream, she made a leap from the horse, and running up to us, sank on her knees before us, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes, implored us not to leave her. Her entreaties were agonized and heart-rending.

"This is more than I expected," said Gale, turning to me. "What shall I do?"

"If we can ransom this girl in addition to Kendall and his sister, we will do so, but she must come last. It would not be right for me to give up the two former on her account."

"Certainly not. I think we can arrange it."

Gale then turned to the kneeling girl, and speaking kindly, told her to rise, and he would do all he could. The thankful, imploring look of her wet eyes, as she heard and obeyed this command, I shall never forget.

After a long conversation, and a great deal of anger and threats upon the part of Gale, he and Chico Velasquez arranged the following conditions of exchange:—The girl who had been yielded up to us was to be returned to her captors, we promising that, if we possessed the means, she should be ransomed after Kendall and his sister were in our hands.

These conditions I stated to the girl, who stood by us, telling her that in order to comply with the conditions, it was now necessary that she should accompany one of the Indians back to their lines.

"O, you are not deceiving me, are you?" she asked, looking first to Gale and then to me. "You will not leave me with these horrid people, will you? who have murdered all my friends. You would not, you cannot do it."

‘If it is in our power,’ said I, ‘you shall go with us.’

“You shall!” shouted Gale. “I swear there is no *if* about it. Not one of my young men shall leave this spot until you go with them. Remember that, and I — the Apaches, they must hurry up, too, with it, for I won’t wait long.”

Shortly after, another horseman was seen approaching, not slowly, as before, but on a full canter. He bore a captive before him, and circled around us, until at a signal from Chico Velasques he drew near, and for the first time in many months I beheld Enola Kendall.

She recognized me instantly, and her looks showed her pleasure and gratification. I rode forward a step or two, met the Indian, who yielded her into my hands, and impulsively pressed her to my breast, as I seated her in front of me on my horse.

“I’ll excuse you for a minute or two,” said Gale, with a half smile, “while I finish the negotiations for the brother myself.”

I turned Enola so that I could look in her face. She appeared precisely the same as when I last saw her, save that her dress was an Indian one in every particular. As she sat lightly on my horse, steadied by my right arm, wrapped in the splendid habiliments of the Apache women, she looked far more beautiful than I ever dreamed her to be. And there, seated thus, as her soulful eyes met mine, I drew her to me, and touched my lips to her forehead. It was the first kiss of love I ever gave.

“Enola,” said I, in a whisper, “I am glad to see you.”

“I thought you would search for us, but I am all fear until my brother comes also.”

“He is then with your tribe, is he?”

“We have both been here all winter.”

“Thank God that you were not separated. He will soon be with us then.”

“And how did you know I or he was here?”

“Ever since I saw the means of your being captured when so near your destination —”

"You the means of our being captured!" she repeated, reproachingly. "What do you mean by that?"

"Ever since I caused your recapture," said I, indignantly, "I have been searching for you. I have seen your father and mother."

"Have you?—where? when? Do tell me," she cried, forgetting, in her anxiety, to object to the first part of my remark.

"I saw them both in San Francisco last autumn."

"How I have prayed for this day," said she, bending her head. "The faith of father and mother will be mine, and both will be rewarded. But tell me of them," she added, entreatingly.

I then related all that I have given the reader regarding them, adding, briefly as possible, the subsequent proceedings of Pat and myself, inquiring at the close, whether she had ever heard any tidings of him.

"Not that I am aware of. I have never seen him with these Indians, although it is possible that they may hold him. The Apaches are powerful, and take many prisoners."

"Pat Ryan is a faithful Irishman, with whom your brother must be acquainted, as he has lived with your father for several years. Had I reason to believe we could obtain him, I would leave no stone unturned until I had done so."

As I made the last remark, Enola started, and exclaimed—

"Yonder comes my brother!"

I would not have suspected his identity had she not thus directed my attention to him, for he was also attired in the full Indian dress, and sat his horse with as much ease and grace as a Comanche. He was riding toward Gale and Chico Velasques, guarded on either side by an Apache. Reaching my friend and my enemy, he halted, while they concluded their agreement. This required but a few minutes; the reason was handed over to the chief and his men, and with a glowing face, Preston Kendall came forward and grasped my hand.

"This is all your doing," said he; "how can I ever thank you?"

"This is all my doing, I am aware—your being a prisoner all this time with these Apaches."

"You misunderstand me. You have devoted your whole time and efforts to seeking us out, when any one else would have given up in despair."

"When it was my criminal carelessness that brought this misfortune upon you and your sister, it would have been a crime for which I never could have forgiven myself, had I neglected any means to repair it."

"Well, well, I see we shall never agree upon this point. Enola, my dear sister, I greet you," said Kendall, leaning forward and impressing a kiss upon her cheek. He then addressed her: "Your faith in the goodness and mercy of the great Being above has never failed you; mine has; and, my adored sister, I stand abashed and ashamed before you."

"Say not so, dear brother, for there have been times when all was dark to me, and without your presence, I am sure I should have died. But let us feel nothing but joy and thankfulness. Mr. Marewold here, has seen our parents."

"Have you indeed?" asked Kendall, turning his smiling and handsome face toward me. "Pray, tell me all about it."

In as few words as possible, I related what I had said to his sister, ending with an inquiry regarding Pat Ryan.

"So you lost Pat, did you? He was a good, faithful fellow, and I am indeed sorry. Chico Velasques there, may know something of him, but it is extremely doubtful, as he was probably tomahawked long ago. You can mention it to your friend there, who seems to have little fear of the chief, as he is quarrelling with him."

Sure enough Gale was all on fire again, shaking his head and fist, gesticulating angrily, and addressing the chief in no very complimentary terms. So soon as I could attract his attention, I inquired the cause of this excitement.

"The old copper-skinned heathen wants two hundred

dollars and a rifle for that girl, and I swear I shall have the girl, boys," he called out. "See that your pistols and knives are ready, for there's mischief brewing."

I had yielded Enola over to Kendall, and I now laid my hand on the speaker's shoulder.

"Gale," said I, "you are determined on getting up a fight with them."

"I would go without eating a week, Captain, if I could do it."

"I am willing enough that you should, provided it was expedient; but you understand the object of this expedition, and such a proceeding would defeat it. We come for *her*," said I, jerking my thumb over my shoulder toward Enola. "This is what brings me and the rest here, and you are overstepping your duty in purposely getting up a wrangle with that savage."

"You are right, Captain; but I hate him so, that when I look in his face, I can hardly keep my hands off him. What's to be done! What are you willing to give for the girl we promised to ransom?"

"Will he not yield her up for less?"

"He knows we are resolved on having her, and that is why he sticks out with the price, Captain," said Gale, in a lower tone. "You and your friends are well mounted. Edge off out of the way while I'm talking here, and strike a bee line for Santa Fe, not going too fast for us to overtake you. As soon as you're nicely clear of us, we'll pitch in and amuse ourselves promiscuously."

"Don't think of it, Gale, for it can do no good. I have paid you and your men to do as I wish you to do, and I want nothing like that."

"As you say, then," and he turned his head sullenly away.

After a great deal more of wrangling and interposition on my part, the ransom of the girl to which I have referred was effected, I giving a hundred dollars in gold, and my own rifle to accomplish it. As Kendall was also without a gun, this condition of affairs chafed Gale considerably. As the released captive was brought over to

him, and lifted upon his horse by one of our men, he wheeled his horse around, supposing that all negotiation was ended. At this moment I recollected Pat's case, and mentioned it to him.

"Furies!" he exclaimed. "Suppose they have got him, what good will it do us? We'd have to give all our rifles, revolvers, knives, horses, blankets and shoes before we could buy him back again."

The earnest disgust with which this was said, brought a smile to the face of more than one of his men, and finally made Gale laugh to himself.

"I'll ask him," said he, in a sort of desperation, "if that will be any satisfaction to you."

Accordingly, he addressed Chico Velasques to that effect, receiving as a reply that he knew nothing of him; and if he did, he would not tell it to such a "two-tongued" man as was Gale. He came near making the latter jump from his horse in his fury, but he restrained himself, and in a few minutes we joined the rest of the men, and turned our faces northward.

It was about the middle of the day when we reached the ridge, and we started a fire and cooked our meal. While thus employed, several Apaches were more than once detected among the hills, watching our movements. We remained here until nightfall, to all appearance, reckless and indifferent, but, in reality, doubly vigilant. Now that Gale was not in the presence of the hated Chico Velasques, he was himself again—as silent, reserved, cold, cautious and watchful as ever.

CHAPTER IX.

Ere the night closed around us, I had a lengthened conversation with Kendall, in which we exchanged our experiences since our parting near California. He said that shortly after I left him, as related in the last chapter of "The Prairie Rangers," he and his sister detected the

smoke of a fire at the base of the mountain, and not doubting but that it had been kindled by myself, started across the valley at once toward it. The Indians who kindled it must have been aware of their approach, for, upon reaching it, not a human being was visible. Thinking, however, that it was some ploy of mine, Kendall assisted Enola to dismount, and was on the point of calling to me, when fully twenty Indians arose from such positions as to completely surround them, and coming forward, ordered him to surrender. No other resource was left for him and Kendall, accordingly, yielded as gracefully as possible.

Their captors were not Apaches, for these Indians have rarely, if ever, penetrated to the region mentioned, but a war party of Pah-Utahs, from the northwestern part of New Mexico. Immediately after the capture, they set out upon their return. In that spur of the Rocky Mountains, which runs nearly parallel with the thirty eighth degree of latitude, and is the dividing ridge between the waters of the Pacific and those of the Great Basin, Enola was taken dangerously sick, and the progress of the party was so delayed in consequence, that a month had elapsed before the Pan Utah country was reached. They had been here barely a week, when a number of Apaches visited the village, and either took from, or bought the captives of these Pah-Utahs, and started southwest with them.

During this distressing captivity, Kendall managed hardly ever to lose sight of his sister, and he was thus enabled to afford her a protection, without which she could have never been restored as she was. Nigh indeed did destruction more than once come, but through the determination of the brother she was saved.

When night had fairly closed around us, I noticed that Gale was nervous and uneasy, and from his actions it was evident that something unusual troubled him. He had his scouts out among the hills, and these were constantly coming in and consulting with him, while he was present, and too, seeing that the horses were saddled and ready for an instant's start. He would not allow the fire to be

replenished, but allowed it to sink down until its embers scarce revealed a single form of us.

As the night progressed, this uneasiness of Gale's increased to such an extent that it could no longer be concealed.

"Boys," said he, in a low tone, "I am afraid that Chico Velasques is too much for me. I was in hopes that we could make him believe that we had no suspicions at all of his purpose, but, somehow or other, he has found it out. The consequence is, that he is getting such a number of men together to attack us, that, much as I want to fight him, I must say that, having the girl with us, we're running too much risk to do it."

"What do you propose to do?" I asked.

"We must leave—that is the most of you—there's no getting over that, but I with three or four will remain behind, and give them our parting compliments."

This proposition was hardly mentioned, when every one of the men demanded the privilege of remaining with their leader, and taking part in the affray. Gale selected three, and then instructed the others to ride out as quietly upon the prairie as they could, and taking a northerly direction, continue a brisk walk until they overtook them.

"Make no noise until you get off at a safe distance," said he; "they've got their imps all around in the hills, and they'll be sure to see you unless we can keep their attentions drawn on us. Ride slowly, and don't allow your horses to stumble."

Fortunately the night was very dark. When all of us who were to take our departure, had mounted our animals, and were ready, Gale returned to the fire and threw some brush upon it.

We rode silently forward, hardly exchanging a word with each other, all intently listening for the sounds of the expected conflict behind us.

While we were thus riding, slowly and quietly, our hearts fairly in our mouths, the simultaneous discharge of several rifles, mingled with yells of fury and shouts of defiance, broke upon the night air with startling effect!

"It is them! They are attacked!" exclaimed more than one voice, and instinctively we quickened the pace of our horses into a sharp trot, and glanced back as if we expected to see the forms of our enemies rushing out of the darkness. Once or twice we were sure we heard the exultant shout of Gale, but there were no more guns discharged. Scarce a half hour later, we heard the heavy tramp of horses' feet, and the next minute Gale and his three companions thundered up to us.

"Faster! faster!" he cried. "They're after us, led by old Chico Velasques himself! Turn to the left!—follow me!"

As he spoke he shot to the head of his men, and swerving to the northwest, struck his horse into a full run.

So soon as it was fairly light we drew rein upon the open prairie. As the bright sun came up in the clear sky on that beautiful spring morning, we all looked back for our pursuers. Far away, as far as the eye could reach, until sky and earth seemed to meet, we gazed long and searchingly. Joyful view! not a sign of human being besides ourselves was visible. What though they should discover our trail in the morning, no effort of theirs could overtake us. We had come too far, and were too well mounted, to allow them to come up to us again.

"No likelihood of their showing themselves again; they've learned something, I suspect, since last evening."

"Were any of them killed last night?" asked Kendall.

"If there's any virtue in powder and lead they were. Ask the boys there," replied Gale, with a satisfied look. "How was it, boys?"

"If I didn't upset one howling Apache, I'll never fire a gun agin," replied one of the men, with a broad grin.

"Four of them bit the dust at least," added Gale, "and I shouldn't wonder if there were five."

"Will they not persist in following us, urged on by revenge for the loss of those who have been slain?"

"They may possibly keep it up for a day or two, but at the end of that time, they will learn that they cannot overtake us, and of course will give up the pursuit, and

turn back and take revenge upon the prisoners who remain in their hands."

"I have a proposition to make," said Kendall, "which I trust you will all receive favorably. You have done me a kindness which I can never forget. Not upon my account so much as upon my dear sister's, who has had a terrible experience in captivity, do I now thank you. You have assisted us out of this painful captivity, but peril still threatens us. Our destination, California, is a long way off, and the risk that my sister runs in making this journey is far greater than I am willing it should be. I, therefore, ask you to accompany us to San Francisco, pledging you that upon our arrival there, every one of you shall find that it has not been a profitless speculation. My father will only be too glad to reward you for this act of friendship."

The only obstacle that was in the way of Gale accepting this offer, was the resolution he had made of taking Chico Velasques' scalp. To accomplish this, he had fully determined to return to Santa Fe, raise a company of forty or fifty men, and annihilate the Apache village and its inhabitants. He, however, allowed himself to be persuaded to forego this indulgence for the present, and he signified his willingness to guide us into California. We found, also, that two of his men had engaged to be in Santa Fe within a few days, and consequently they were compelled to withdraw from our party, leaving us but eight rifles strong, exclusive of our revolvers and knives.

Hardly half an hour had elapsed since the first halt was made, before we were under way again, riding at a leisurely pace over the rolling prairie, chatting gaily together, **all hopeful and in buoyant spirits.**

The direction taken was northwest, leading us towards Southern California. This route, the reader will recollect, was the same as that pursued by Pat and myself in entering the country, and from what Gale stated, I learned that it was by no means improbable that we, after fording the Rio Colorado, might cross the very trail.

At noon, we halted for an hour, beside a large swell in

the prairie. While the men were employed in preparing the dinner, Gale walked to the top of this hill, and took a survey of the surrounding country. While thus engaged, I noticed him gazing to the southeast, the point from which we had come, with an attention and interest that convinced me he had discovered something with which he was not entirely satisfied. As he lowered his eyes for an instant, he observed me watching him, and beckoned me to approach.

"There's some one following us," said he, as I came up.

Following the direction of the guide's finger, I had no difficulty in making out the form of a man upon horseback. He was several miles distant, but I either saw or fancied I saw the regular rise and fall of his head and shoulders, as though his animal were on a full gallop.

"What do you make of him?" asked Gale.

"At that distance, nothing more than a man simply."

"Can't tell whether his face is white or red?"

"Certainly not; but I think I might safely affirm that it is of the last-mentioned color."

"Yes, it can't well be anything else," remarked Gale, as if speaking with himself.

"I cannot see what else it can be. But I see no cause for fear from a single man."

"I do," was the laconic and significant reply.

"Please explain yourself," said I.

"That man may do a big sight of hurt, more than you or I could be willing he should. If he's an Apacne, he may sneak around us at night and pick off our sentinels, or shoot others who are sleeping, and make off in the darkness before any one can draw bead on him, even if it could be done of a dark night."

"He can do nothing more than an ordinary Indian; and it seems to me, your men have dealt enough with them to learn their ways."

"True, ordinary Indians have got the better of white men before to day."

While this conversation was going on, the subject of it was rapidly drawing near, and could now be seen by those

below us, although he was still at a safe distance. He continued to approach until within less than a half mile, when apparently he made the discovery that he was an object of observation. There was no question of his being an Apache Indian. He was attired in their dress, and at that distance I fancied I could discern his black, gleaming eyes and repulsively bedaubed features.

His horse stood perfectly motionless for a moment, and then turning at right angles to the course he had been pursuing, walked out upon the prairie, his side toward us. As he did so, the rider made some signal with his hand, which we did not understand, but which Gale took to be a gesture of defiance.

"It's a long distance," said Gale, compressing his lips, "but I'll accept that challenge."

He raised his long, gleaming rifle, and taking a deliberate aim at the horseman, discharged it. The result was what might be expected at that distance. The savage was not harmed in the least, and continued riding leisurely forward, as though no attempt had been made upon his life.

"He's well mounted," said Gale, as he lowered his weapon; "but if I can't bring him with my rifle, I'll try him with my horse."

Gale's hatred of the Apaches seemed to take away all the prudence with which I had credited him. There was no restraining him, however, and I stood upon the hill and watched the chase, while the rest of the men stationed themselves behind me and did the same.

The Indian reined his horse up and waited until his pursuers had gone several hundred yards, when their purpose seemed suddenly to break upon him. Wheeling his animal short around, he started on a full run. The horse was a splendid one, and the ground fairly flew beneath him. The rider seemed inspired by a mortal terror, and drove his beast with such terrific velocity that he had gone hardly a mile, when Gale and his friend gave up the chase and returned to us.

"If that horse was not a dark color, and the 'White Pacer of the Plains,' had not disappeared years ago, I

would I believe that fellow was riding him," said Gale, as he came up.

"There's one consolation," he added, "he's the only Indian that can come up with us. We've only got to keep our eyes open, and he can't do us much harm."

This interruption delayed us over two hour, at the end of which time we were in our saddles and under way again.

We encamped upon a beautiful spot an hour or so before the sun sank below the horizon. The spot was a sort of valley, walled in on three sides by hills, while the fourth was perfectly open. On these hills our sentinels were to be stationed for the night.

While examining these hills, in company with Gale and Kendall, we discovered several springs of clear, cold water, and enough pieces of wood to cook our night's meal.

"We must take an observation of the prairie, to see whether our horseman is in the neighborhood," said Gale. "If it should happen—by thunder! yonder he is, this very minute."

As he spoke he pointed to the south; and Kendall and I, looking in the direction indicated, saw, about half a mile distant, the form of the Apache and his horse, both so rigidly motionless, that they might well be taken for a tree or a rock.

"Appears struck dumb with admiration," said Gale, contemptuously. "He'll be around to-night, sure. You must keep your eyes open, captain, for it's your turn to stand guard to-night, if you don't object."

It being my turn, of course I didn't object; and, after watching our phantom pursuer a while longer, without seeing him stir an inch, we descended and joined the others at their meal.

My position as guard, that night, was on the south side, the one toward the horseman, and from which, in case he visited us, he would probably make his appearance. I, of course, was furnished with a rifle; and having acted as guard on more than one occasion previous to this, was aware of the duty devolving upon me, and fully alive to the danger which threatened the sleepy sentinel.

The night was a clear, starlight one. My position was so chosen against the hill that, while I was afforded a view of the prairie for some rods from me, it was nearly impossible for an approaching foe to discover me.

Fully four hours passed away without detecting the slightest sound, save that made by the wind, when, as I had paused a minute to listen, I heard faintly, but distinctly, a noise, as if made by the stamp of a horse's foot. Instantly I was all watchfulness, and muffling the lock of my rifle, cocked it, fully expecting the next minute to see the figure of our unknown pursuer.

Nor was I disappointed. Hardly a minute had elapsed, when I saw a dark body, slowly and cautiously dragging itself along the ground, taking such a course that he would pass within a dozen feet of where I stood. Remembering Gale's instructions to fire without challenging, as the fact of a person being an Indian settled the question of his being an enemy, I sighted my gun, and pulled the trigger.

It missed fire, however, and before I could replace the cap, the prostrate form suddenly arose to its feet, and demanded, in a voice that thrilled me like an electric shock:

"Who the devil be yees pointing your ould gun at, you haythen?"

"My God! Pat Ryan, can that be you?" I asked, hurrying toward him.

CHAPTER X.

"I've a 'spicion it's the same individual, as my mother said, when she heard a man was transported for stealing."

"Give me your hand! give me your hand! you little know how near you came being shot this instant. Are you the one who has been following us all day?"

"That I am, and by the same token, the one that some of yees follied, and would have cotched, if ye'd only rode summat faster. Bedad! but how are yees?"

"Now, Pat," said I, after acquainting him with the rescue of Enola and her brother, "tell me all that has taken place since we parted."

"It is a long story, is the same, and as, perhaps, I'd be getting it crooked, the best way for ye to do, I'm thinking, would be to ax me a few questions, jist to help me along, as I used to tell the schoolmaster in Tipperary."

"In the first place, then, how was it that Indian caught you so nicely?"

"That's aisy told, the first raison being because I was a fool, and he wasn't, and the second, because he wasn't a fool and I was, and the other raisons are mostly the same. When he came back from riding over that hill, he said, 'no Injin there,' so natural like that I couldn't help believing him; it was such pleasant news that we started back to tell you the same, but before we reached you the Injins themselves come down and kindly saved me from telling you a falsehood."

"I witnessed that much, when I was compelled to flee."

"That you were, and you did it nicely, too, so nicely that I fell in love wid you, and wanted to do the same, but was prevented by a tap on the head, and from having my hoss taken away from me. When they all come together agin, jist for the fun of the thing, they went to whacking me about. If I snazed, I was banged for it, and when I happened to cough, they all lambasted me. The owld chief, who had his back bored by me, got so mad at me for winking both eyes, that he nearly punched them out, and things got to that pass at last that I was obleaged to ax the favor of being allowed to take a breath occasionally, which, not being allowed, I growed black in the face as a consequence, and they all pommelled me for looking so ouamiable."

"Didn't you return their blows, or attempt to defend yourself?"

"The unmerciful haythen tied my hands behind me, and my feet under the hoss's belly, so that I couldn't do anything but grit my teeth at them, and that I done, be-gorrah, till I had to stop out of fear of scraping them off intirely. Well, after they had got tired of pounding me, and after we had traveled a long ways, we reached the village and put up for the night. It turned out that this

was to be my quarters, fur I stayed there all winter, never being allowed to go more than a few inches from the establishment where they first stowed me away."

"How was it you effected your escape?"

"I staid there all winter, as I's saying, that is till you, and the rest come"——

"Until we came! You were not in the same village with Kendall and his sister?"

"Must have been, and when I mind all that happened, I think I set eyes on him once or twice, though, by the powers, I didn't 'spect who it was. As I jist obsarved, I was kept mighty close at my end of the town, and I s'pose they never saw me. I saw one gal, however, a swate cratur that the haythen had, which I would die if I could only spake to or be addrissed by. Worrak, worrak, but she was swate, was the same."

Pat heaved such a sigh, and seemed so forgetful of the narration, that I was obliged to question him further.

"You see the same hoss that belonged to me, and which I has with me this minute, was very ginerously appropriated by the haythen that took us, so that I had the pleasure of obsarving him occasionally without the labor of riding him. Well, when you and the men made your appearance t'other day, I 'sposed ye were going to bombard the town, and I got ready to move off. When night came on, I saw nearly all the Injins go off on their hosses, mine also, and I thinks yer had squatted down somewhere, and the haythen were going to pitch into you. Follying out this train of thought, thinks I, if I wanted to get off, now was my time. I was left in charge of two half grown Injins that didn't seem to think I had any idea of running away. Accordingly, when I thinks the men had got fur enough to be out of the way, I makes a jump through the wigwam, and puts off in the darkness, the two tearing after me like mad."

"Did they overtake you?"

"The little divils did, for they could run like hares, but I hadn't forgotten the science of the shillaleh, and I drapped both with my fists, and started off toward some

hills that I had seen from my wigwam a thousand times. Jist as I got there I heard the bang of rifles and the yells of Injins, and before I could git out the way, two horses came tearing right at me. Thinking one of them might be the cratur that Mr. Kendall give me before we left Californy, I give the whistle that I used to call him. By the powers, but it was the same baste, and he walked up to me as gintle as a lamb, and waited fur me to git on his back. I 'spose his rider had been killed, and he was scart; but I didn't stop to think, as the man said when he shot himself, but got on the hoss and follied up."

"Aye, followed us. Why did you not come up at once, and make yourself known? Your escape from death at our hands has been more wonderful than your captivity and escape from the Apache. You are dressed up in a regular Apache dress, I see."

"That I have, bad luck to the same! As soon as I can get a dacent suit I'll shtrip."

At this point Pat heaved a sigh, so deep and touching that I begged the meaning of it.

"I almost wish I's back among the Injins," he replied, with another sigh.

"Almost wish you were back again? What's the cause of such a wish as that?"

"*Love!*" said Pat, in such a doleful tone that I laughed outright.

"By the powers, and what brought you here?" he demanded in high dudgeon. "Wan't it the same divine passion? Doesn't you think one gintlemen can experience it as well as another?"

"Of course, Pat, and I give you my deepest sympathy. But from what you have told me before, it strikes me that you have experienced this passion a great many times in your life, while I am sure I have but once."

"The more the better; I got used to it when I was young. Bat this attack is harder than all the rest; it's worse than the small-pox."

"Cheer up, cheer up, Pat, you will soon get over it," said I, in a lively voice, hoping to comfort him.

"Niver, niver, niver," said he, disconsolately. "This has attacked me all over—in the heart, head, arms, toes—*everywhere!*" he added, desperately.

"And the cause of all this is a maiden—a captive among the Apaches?"

Another sigh was the answer.

In such conversation did we pass the time, until daylight, when Gale aroused the camp and called the sentinels in. I shall never forget the expression of blended wonder and pleasure when I introduced the "Phantom Pursuer" to him, and to the rest of the men. A few words sufficed to explain everything to the party. The tears came in the eyes of Kendall, as he grasped the hand of the honest-hearted Irishman, and thanked him again and again, and Pat blushed and stammered when Enola placed her own white delicate one in his horny palm, and bending her heavenly blue eyes close to his, told him how grateful she was for what he had done.

Pat, after exchanging greetings with all the men, was presented to the remaining female, known simply among us as "Mary." The instant he set eyes upon her, he recoiled as if he had been bitten by an adder, and then replied to her salutation with so great embarrassment that out of pity, I called him to me, as if there were urgent need of his presence. His face was as red as a beet, and seemed literally afire with joy.

"By the powers, who do ye s'pose that gal is?" he asked, apparently ready to burst with pleasure.

"I am sure I have no idea."

"It's *her!* it's *her!* The one I was tellin' you about—the one that I'm in love with. Whoop! hurrah!" he shouted, springing in the air, and cracking his heels together; and then, as he came down, to the infinite delight of all, he executed a regular Irish jig, accompanying it with such whoops and yells as would have done credit to Chico Velasques himself. I explained to Gale and the men, while it was going on, the cause of his extravagant joy; and it is needless to say that every one joined in congratulating him.

As Pat finished, he walked up to where Kendall and his sister were seated, making the most extraordinary contortions of his face, and the most mysterious gestures, accompanied by an occasional fling of the eyes toward Mary. Enola, understanding that these signs were meant for her, leaned over and inquired what she could do for him.

"Spake a good word, if ye plaze, with——"

The sentence was finished by another fling of his eyes toward Mary, so that Enola had no difficulty in understanding the person to whom he referred.

"I will do it, Patrick," said she with a smile, "I will assist you all I can; but you know, after all, it depends upon you."

A few minutes later, Gale gave the orders to march. As we were about to start, he seemed struck with the splendid proportions of Pat's animal, and he spoke as if the idea had just occurred to him.

"Tom, your horse hasn't half the strength that this fellow's has, nor the speed either, as the chase yesterday proved to us. That being the case, we'll relieve you of carrying Mary, and make Pat do it." A smile came to every face as the words were uttered, and the Irish man's was of the hue of a peony, as he tremblingly received the all-unconscious maiden. At first he was so timid and fearful, that he let her sit unsupported, seeing which, Gale called out:

"Pat your arm around her! put your arm around her, or she'll fall!"

Quick as lightning, Pat closed both arms about her waist, with such impulsiveness, that he forced a slight scream from her. Deeming that a good enough commencement had been made, we left the two to themselves, and resumed our journey, as joyful a party as the world ever saw together.

When we made our usual halt at noon, Pat came to where Enola and I stood conversing, and with the same luscious smile, and with a little confusion, said:

"Mistress Enola, if yee's a mind, I won't ax ye to take the trouble to spake the good word that I was axin' for."

"Why not? What is the trouble now?"

"*I don't think there is any use of it.*"

Enola laughed as she replied:

"I am glad indeed to hear that. You have made good use of the time."

"Many thanks to you for offering to do the same kindness," and turning to me, he asked with an odd look, "Shall I do you the same favor?"

Before I could reply, or even understand him, he turned to Enola, and said:

"Misther Marewold is a fine gintleman, and I hopes you will always think him so."

"I can make the same remark that you did a minute ago," said the girl, as a faint blush illuminated her face. "*There is no need of your telling me that, as I have known it ever since I have known him.*"

It was a clear, beautiful morning in the spring of 1851, that our company of adventurers entered Southern California, and proceeded further to the northward in search of a pass through the Sierra Nevada.

I pass over the minor incidents of the remaining portion of our journey, to our arrival in San Francisco. It was early in the afternoon that we reached the city, when we started for the residence of Mr. Kendall.

What emotions must have filled the heart of that daughter, who for so many long years had been so cruelly separated from her parents! What if the father or mother were dead! Would not the results of this unexpected meeting be dangerous if not fatal? It was an oversight in our neglecting to prepare them for something like this. As steps were heard coming along the hall, Enola fainted outright in the arms of her brother. A servant opened the door, and having seen Pat and myself before, he understood the case, and admitted us at once. Enola revived almost immediately, and Kendall, feeling that the meeting between her and her parents should be sacred, drew her into a private room, and departed in search of them; but Pat had already warned them, and he encountered them both in the hall.

* * * * *

Gale and his party, after receiving a much greater sum of money than they dared to expect, took their departure from the town, and we never saw them again.

Mr. Kendall made preparations to take passage in the next steamer for the East, as it was his desire, and that of his family, to return to their home in New Orleans. He having informed Pat that he should be glad to employ both him and Mary in his family, the latter concluded it best to be united at once. And so they were married in San Francisco, and if there ever were a radiantly happy couple it was Pat Ryan and his wife.

A few days after, when the preparations were completed for embarking upon the steamer, Kendall called me aside, and said—

“We sail to-morrow, dear Marewold. I suppose your arrangements are finished for starting. I trust that we shall have a pleasant voyage.”

“I pray that you may have. I do not go with you.”

“Not go with us!” cried he in amazement. “Why, what’s got into your head, man? I do believe you are crazy!”

“Not in the least, Kendall. My mind has been made up for a long time. My original destination was California; I have now reached it, and I shall never return to the States until I have accomplished the object with which I started—that of amassing a respectable fortune at least. I do not anticipate great wealth, but I am hopeful of getting something.”

“Tut tut, you are foolish! You are talking nonsense! I shan’t listen to it! Do you suppose father is going to suffer you to go unrewarded for all the dangers and sufferings you have undergone in behalf of Enola and myself? Not a word of it! I tell you”——

“Kendall,” I interrupted, “that theme is forbidden. I never shall accept one penny from you or your parent, whom I respect as much as I do yourself, for doing what was incumbent upon me to do, after having been the means of imposing a painful captivity upon you and your sister; and, if you value my friendship, you will never

hint at any such thing again. Thanking you from the bottom of my heart for your many kindnesses, I remain here to seek my fortune."

"Your mind is fully made up, then, is it?"

"It has been for a long time."

"I will not attempt to dissuade you, then; but this will be a sore disappointment to all of us, especially to Enola," he added, with a slight smile.

And so we separated. I accompanied them to the steamer upon the morning they sailed, and exchanged farewells, uniting with them in the hope that it would but a brief separation.

I am aware that I have now reached a point which is of comparatively little interest to the reader, and so I shall pass over it as briefly as possible. As might be expected, I tried the gold mines of California, as offering the most speedy road to fortune. I remained diligently at work for a year, at the end of which time I made an arithmetical calculation, and found that if I kept on at a similar rate I should acquire a respectable fortune at the end of one hundred and fifty years.

I had saved a small sum, and with this I embarked in mercantile business, with a trusty, honest fellow. We did quite well—and about the end of the second year, I gave audience to my impatient heart, and concluded to go home.

During these two years, my correspondence with Kendall had been uninterrupted. He informed me among other things, that he was settled over a church, where he felt his true sphere of duty lay; his parents remained well. Pat was as jovial and contented as ever—while Enola inquired about me every day, and asked anxiously when they might expect to see me. The two years of her residence at home, in the refined and cultivated society of New Orleans, had worn away entirely all traces of the life she had led for so long a time among her rude, vagabond captors, and Kendall informed me that she was now the sister that had been in his imagination for so many years.

What more? I lay down my pen with the simple announcement, that, what the reader, beyond all doubt, has anticipated from the beginning, took place several years since. Enola Kendall has long been my wife, and, thank God, she has brought me all the happiness this world can afford. Her noble brother is married, too, and we are in each other's society nearly every day. The parents have gone to their final account, and their end, like their lives, was peaceful and happy.

And now, to the indulgent reader who has followed me so patiently through these pages—through sunshine and shadow—through peril and suffering—through ominous and auspicious adventure, transcribed in my feeble way—to the reader, I bid an affectionate adieu.

THE END.

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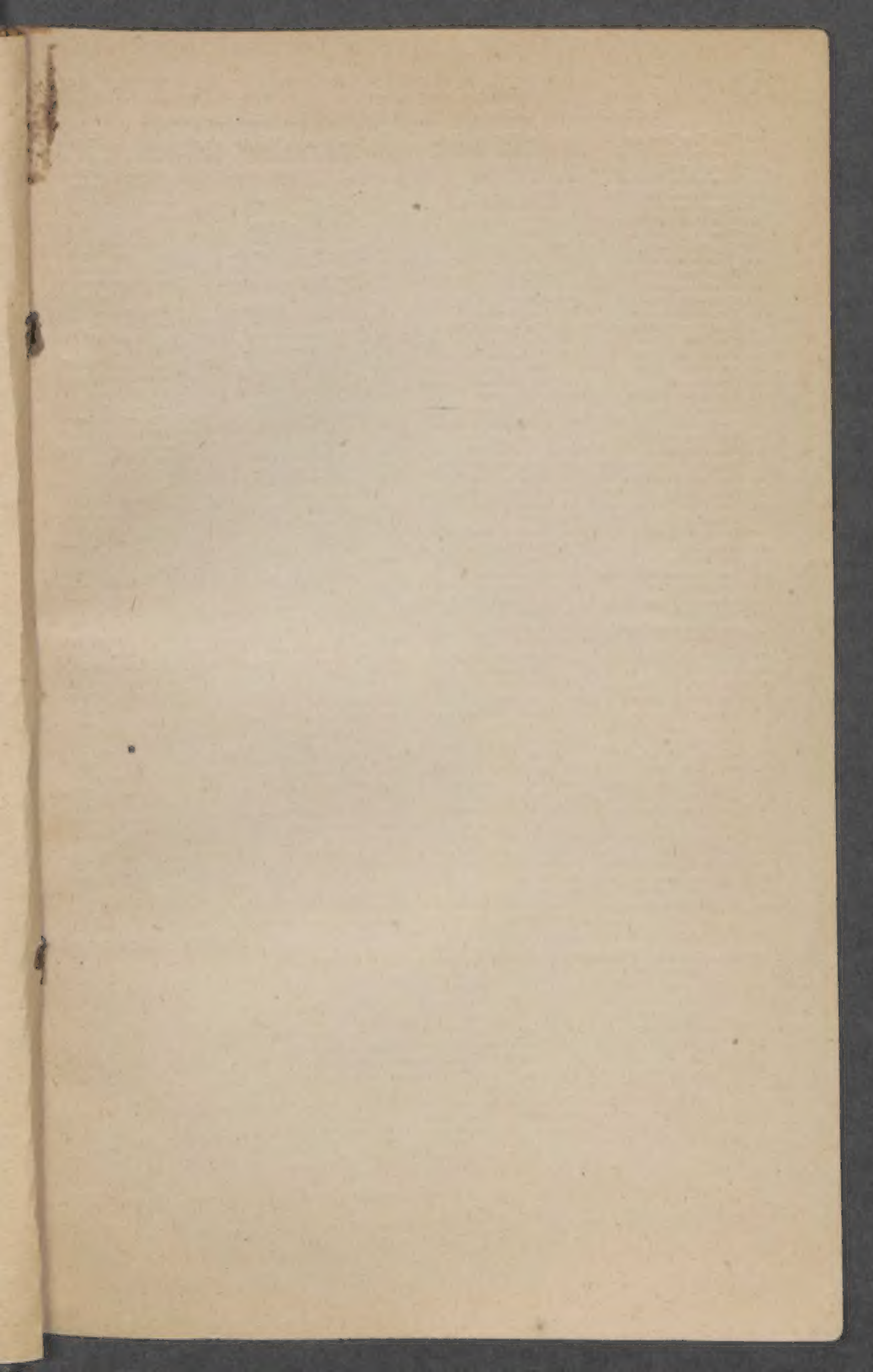
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| 90 The Red Hermitess. | 147 Chinga, Cheyenne. | 202 The Indian Avenger. | |
| 91 Star-Face, the Slayer. | 148 The Tangled Trail. | 203 Rival Lieutenants. | |
| 92 The Antelope Boy. | | | |
| 93 The Phantom Hunter. | | | |

THE FOLLOWING WILL BE ISSUED IN THE ORDER AND ON THE DATES INDICATED:

- 257 **Table, the Trailer.** By Seelin Robins. Ready April 20th.
 258 **The Boy Chief.** By Oli Coomes. Ready May 13th.
 259 **Tim, the Trailer.** By C. Dunning Clark. Ready May 27th.
 260 **Red Ax, The Indian Giant.** By Paul Bibbs. Ready June 10th.
 261 **Stella, the Spy.** By N. C. Iron. Ready June 24th.
 262 **The White Avenger.** By Major Lewis W. Carson. Ready July 8th.
 263 **The Indian King.** By N. William Busted. Ready July 22d.
 264 **The Long Trail.** By Edward S. Ellis. Ready August 5th.
 265 **Kirk, the Guide.** By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Ready August 19th.
 266 **The Phantom Trail.** By Edward S. Ellis. Ready September 2d.
 267 **The Apache Guide.** By the author of "Seth Jones." Ready September 16th.
 268 **The Mad Miner.** By Harry Hazard. Ready September 30th.
 269 **Keen Eye, the Ranger.** By Lewis Jay Swift. Ready October 14th.
 270 **Blue Belt, the Guide.** By James L. Bowen. Ready October 28th.
 271 **On the Trail.** By Edward S. Ellis. Ready November 11th.
 272 **The Specter Spy.** By Major Lewis W. Carson. Ready November 25th.

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